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THE ORGANIZATION OF AUTHORSHIP.

"But the booksellers, sir, they are leviathans; they roll in seas of gold; they subsist upon authors as vampires upon little children. But at last endurance has reached its limit; the fiat has gone forth; the tocsin of liberty has resounded, — authors have burst their fetters; and we have just inaugurated the institution of 'THE GRAND ANTI-PUBLISHER CONFEDERATE AUTHOR'S SOCIETY,' by which, Pisistratus, by which, mark you, every author is to be his own publisher,—that is, every author who joins the society. No more submission of immortal works to mercenary calculators, to sordid tastes; no more hard bargains and broken hearts; no more crumbs of bread choking great tragic poets in the streets; no more Paradises Lost sold at £10 apiece! The author brings his book to a select committee appointed for the purpose,— men of delicacy, education, and refinement, authors themselves; they read it, the society publish, and after a modest deduction, which goes towards the funds of the society, the treasurer hands over the profits to the author."

This is not, as might hastily be assumed, an extract from any prospectus of the London Society of Authors, being, as readers familiar with English literature will remember, a passage from "The Caxtons," published in 1849. But the immortal Uncle Jack, whose teeming enthusiasm outlined this plan for the relief of oppressed literature, ought surely to be given a place of honor among the patron saints of the societies which, in a later generation, have undertaken to put his ideas into practice. For Uncle Jack, as his creator remarks, "was really fortunate in his ideas; his speculations in themselves always had something sound in the kernel." To realize the soundness of this particular kernel, and give it a chance for development under favorable conditions, has been the task of such actual societies as the one above mentioned and of the similar association of French men of letters.

Mr. Walter Besant, who has taken a conspicuous part in the work of the London Society of Authors since its organization ten years ago, who was Chairman of the body during its preliminary period, and who, after the late Mr. Cotter Morrison's brief, and Sir Frederick Pollock's briefer occupancy of that position, again assumed its responsibilities in 1888, has recently retired from the office, and has crowned his labors in behalf of the Society by preparing a concise record of its history and its accomplishment during the nearly ten completed years of its existence. This record, which is printed in attractive pamphlet form, is not only very readable, but is also of great interest to everyone engaged in au-

thorship. It is a summary of ten years of work done in the interest of the literary profession; work done by a body of men of high ability; work always done unselfishly, and, for the most part, wisely. Dealing with authorship only in its commercial aspect, the work of the Society has been distinctly practical; it has transferred from the region of vague theory to the region of comparatively established fact most of the business problems that the author of books is called upon to confront.

Three principal aims were announced by the Society at the start. They were: 1, The maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property. 2, The consolidation and amendment of the laws of domestic copyright. 3, The promotion of international copyright. Towards the accomplishment of the third of these aims, there was obviously little to be done, since English sentiment already approved the principle of international copyright, and there was no other course than to await the development of a corresponding sentiment in the United States. In the meantime the pot must stop calling the kettle black. "It was absurd to keep calling the Americans thieves and pirates while our people did exactly the same thing on a smaller scale. It exasperated Americans and weakened the efforts of those who were manfully fighting in the cause of international honesty." Whatever contribution the Society made to the memorable triumph of two years ago was of the indirect sort above suggested. In the matter of domestic copyright, the Society appointed a committee of experts to draft a uniform Bill, consolidating the various and confused Copyright Acts now in existence. This Bill has been approved by the London Chamber of Commerce, and introduced in the present Parliament. As it is in no sense a party measure, the prospects of its enactment are excellent. If successful, it will be a distinct feather in the Society's cap, and will offer a useful precedent for action upon this side of the Atlantic, where the laws upon the subject of copyright are in a state of equal confusion.

In its work for the definition and defence of literary property, the Society has taken some very significant steps. First of all, it laid down the principle that "publishers' accounts, like those of any other enterprise in which two or more persons are jointly interested, must be subject to audit." This principle is a matter of simple justice, and many publishers have given it their adhesion, but some remain recalcitrant. The Society has made a very searching investigation of the correspondence, contracts, and estimates exchanged between publishers and authors, and has, in consequence, "arrived at a knowledge of the business side of literature which is certainly unrivalled by that possessed by any man, even by any man actually engaged in publishing." It has exposed many kinds of fraudulent accounts, such as overcharges for production, charges for advertisements either unpublished or unpaid for, and charges for all sorts of incidental expenses with which the author is not fairly concerned. These practises, and the many tricks to defraud the unwary, have been so clearly set forth and substantiated by evidence so convincing, that the author who continues to suffer by them can have only himself to blame. The publications of the Society are inexpensive, and its offices are open to authors for free consultation and advice. The Society has always preferred private action to action through the law courts, and the dishonest publisher has no less reason to dread the one method than the other. "As regards one house guilty of many corrupt things, we have been so 'abundantly blessed' that in two or three years, as has been told me by our Secretary, we have been able to keep some thousands of pounds' worth of work out of its hands. And as regards another house, which proposes to those who go there a form of agreement that is a mockery of the human understanding, our Secretary only a short time ago kept away three victims in one week." We have given but a few of the many interesting facts embodied in Mr. Besant's sketch of the Society's work. They are sufficient, however, to show that in this organization the English author has an alert and steadfast ally.

But there are some who imagine that literature loses something of its dignity by being thus dragged into the market-place. Of all the obstacles with which the Society has had to contend in its conquest of public opinion, this sentimental notion has been the most difficult to overcome. There are few of us who have not thought at times, in view of the ever-increasing production of worthless books, that it might be better for the world if the pursuit of literature offered no possible reward but itself. The true books would get written, somehow, because the mandate of the true author is imperative, while the sham books would be starved out of existence. Yet it can hardly be doubted that this reasoning is fallacious. And, if it were not so, it could not be taken as an argument against the work of the Society of Authors. The production of literature is, after all, a profession, and most of those who follow it must look to it for their support. The novel which supplied us with our text puts the case into a nutshell. We are reminded of Dryden's saying that "nothing great ever came from a venal pen," and the comment that follows is peculiarly apt: "A baker is not to be called venal if he sells his loaves; he is venal if he sells himself. Dryden only sold his loaves." Literature is a profession poorly enough rewarded, at best, and all who have its interests at heart are bound to welcome whatever tends to advance those interests, even in a material way. However the pecuniary rewards of writing may be increased, and whatever the new distinctions that may come to the makers of books, there seems no reason to fear that the good will be levelled with the bad, or that the meritorious worker in literature will not be the gainer at least as truly as any other.

Really, the whole work of Mr. Besant's Society makes for the dignity of letters, not against it.

The author, as he exists in the popular imagination, "as a suppliant standing hat in hand beseeching the generosity of the bookseller," presents a figure of the dignity of which there is not much to say. But there is dignity of a true sort in the figure that the Society of Authors seeks to substitute for the traditional one above outlined, and there is dignity in the appeal made by the spokesman of the Society — "My friends, let us henceforth resolve to proclaim that we do not want generosity; that we will not have it; that we are not beggars and suppliants, and that what we want is the administration of our own property — or its purchase on fair, just, honorable terms." We need in our country just such work for the profession of letters as the Society of Authors is doing in England, and we thank our transatlantic fellow-craftsmen for having attacked the problem in earnest, and for having contributed so largely to its solution.

THE HERESY OF THE REAL.

Now that this profitless controversy concerning Realism and other Isms in the creative art of modern literature has well nigh spent itself, and there is no longer any excuse for the critic to take one side or the other, it may be well to avail ourselves of the lull in hostile activities in order to raise the question of first principles. While the controversy raged, a casual spectator was uncomfortably affected by feelings akin to those described by De Quincey in that dream, in which "somehow, he knew not how, a battle, a strife, an agony was evolving itself, with which his sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its cause, its nature, its undecipherable issue." When disputants become greatly warmed to their subject, the common effect of such natural increase of warmth is to make outlines disappear in the volume of vapor that is given off, and principally are they themselves prone to lose sight of the essential question, what it is all about. The trouble is, that not only does the confusion deepen and the issue of the "agony" appear less and less decipherable, but the agony itself drifts farther and farther away from the first principles involved, and finally becomes little more than a blind wrangle about words.

Now, it is sufficiently clear that this literary agony did not in the first instance present itself as a strife about the respective merits of Realism, Idealism, and other Isms. It began in a divergence of public opinion about the merits of certain concrete works that claimed to be products of literary art, and out of this the discussion passed into the sphere of abstract theory. Certain literary craftsmen proceeded to work on certain lines of art well recognized by themselves, deliberately chosen, and explicitly stated and defended by them: I need only cite the well-known cases of Jean Richepin in France and Olindo Guerrini (more familiar under his *nome di guerra* of Lorenzo Stecchetti) in Italy. Certain critics assailed these works as an outrage upon decency, and in doing so assailed the principles of so-called art, which their authors chose to follow. But the assault in general did not take any other form than a sweeping denunciation of the "New School," and the criticism was in the main negative rather than positive. Cavalotti, indeed, subjected Guerrini's arguments to a searching analysis, and succeeded with a brilliant display of intellectual fence not only in driving back Stecchetti's *putrido verismo* to the gutter where it belonged, but in establishing, so far as the *Scuola Nuova* of Italy was concerned, something positive in a right historical comprehension of the genesis of that school. On the whole, however, the advantage of logic rested with the exponents of that theory which took Realism for its watchword, and it did so because the realists understood their principles much better than their assailants understood theirs.

Have we any canons of creative art in literature by which the products of any particular artist may be estimated? If canons do exist, then the question of Realism, Idealism, and all other Isms resolves itself into an appreciation of these and an application of them to concrete artistic products.

Often the simplest way to reach a common-sense issue in a question of abstract theory is to raise a practical instance. Let us therefore take an illustration, and in order to avoid anything that might be supposed invidious, let us take that work which raised such a flutter in the dove-cotes of Paris a good few years ago, Richepin's "Chanson des Gueux." It is a volume of verse, but the principles to be discussed apply equally well to prose fiction. In this work Richepin chose Vagabondage for his subject, and claimed that he had practised the artistic virtue of representing his characters in their true colors, *i. e.*, in their literal realism. Here we touch upon the first point in which this kind of writing offends against art. Richepin forgets that if he is not responsible for the lives his characters lived, he is at least responsible for his own artistic selection. From this responsibility there is no escape, whether the materials which the artist selects be the effronteries that flout convention or the vacuous commonplace that gratifies it. The artist has the whole world to choose from, and nothing constrains him to adopt one kind of material in preference to another beyond what he considers its artistic value. He takes certain material, whereas, if he had chosen, he might have passed it by.

But if art implies selection, the artist who takes upon himself the responsibility of production, charges himself by his own act with the further responsibilty of reticence. The very fact of selection implies that while some material is chosen for a purpose, other material is rejected as unsuitable. Not only the artist's material, but his language, the very vocables he employs, must be chosen with a view to resultant effect, and the question of what to set down, is after all not so important as the ques-

tion of what to suppress. All things are not of equal significance in art any more than they are of equal dignity in life; and as in life, so in art, there is much about which it is best to maintain silence. Until he has learnt the value of artistic reticence, the aspirant after art will only be in a state of unthinking and irresponsible artistic childhood. He will record pointless details with the same circumstantial fidelity as the central issues of his piece, and, should he be inclined that way, what is disgusting will take its place beside what is wholesome as if artistic justice demanded nothing less.

The offence, whether in poetry or prose fiction, lies in the mistaken view that fidelity to truth consists in accepting literal facts as they are found. It lies in the Heresy of the Real. So insidiously does this Heresy operate, that some writers whom one would least suspect of adherence to probability are found vindicating their truthfulness in footnotes which protest that certain incidents are "actual fact." Such an appeal to accuracy is the very last apology which an artist would think of offering. Whether a certain incident ever happened in real life is a matter of the utmost irrelevance in the estimation of its artistic value. The question for artist and reader alike is, Does it happen here? Is it in accordance with artistic reason? Does it live?

The Heresy of the Real consists in supposing that fidelity to nature means a reproduction of nature's detail, and that artistic truth to life implies literal transcription of facts. Close and minute observation of nature and of fact are necessary, and faithful adherence to the broad sweep of nature's lines is necessary. But so far from mere observation, mere imitation, mere transcription of particulars guaranteeing an artistic result, fidelity of this kind will on the contrary be certain to issue in a result that is artistically false. The penetrative imagination will follow the principle of the Aristotelian *katharsis*, and will sift, clarify, and transfigure any given material before proceeding to realize it in an artistic form. Then only shall we have the finest Realism of all, which is also the highest flight of Idealism.

JOHN G. DOW.

University of South Dakota.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. Besant, the late Chairman of the London Society of Authors, and Mr. S. S. Sprigge, the late Secretary of the organization, have been selected as delegates to represent the Society in the Literary Congress at Chicago next July. These gentlemen will come armed not only with their own opinions and experience, but also with the individual views of many among the thousand members now comprised within the organization, all of the members having been invited—through "The Author," the Society organ—to give detailed expression of their opinions upon the principal matters to be discussed by the Congress. The address by Mr. Besant, which we have made the subject of our leading editorial article, contains the following paragraph upon the work of the Congress. "There was asked at one of our meetings a question which has never yet been answered. It is this — What should be the publisher's share in the proceeds of a book the production of which carries no risk? Now there is to be a great Conference of Authors at Chicago next July, at which this question among others will be considered. . . . It is the first occasion of such a public conference of authors. Let me invite you all to join in the deliberations of this Parliament. With the permission of our Chairman I will draw up in 'The Author' a scheme of what is to be discussed, and make certain suggestions from our own information as to the real points of the problem, so that there may be no beating about the bush, or running after side issues. And I venture to invite every member of the Society to give careful—very careful—consideration to the questions proposed, and to furnish us, if possible, with his own solution. It may be that the future of our calling for many generations will be influenced by this Conference." Such evidence as this of European interest in the work of the Literary Congress is highly gratifying, and should serve to dispel the fear, expressed in certain quarters, that the Congress will not be a representative gathering, and the other fear that it will have nothing to discuss after it has assembled.

The report of the Boston Browning Society for the seventh season of its work shows that organization to be in a flourishing condition. "For the first time a definite outline of coherent, cumulative study was prepared during the summer, essayists were secured in advance, and the programme for the entire winter was ready for members when the meetings began in the autumn." The library of the Society numbers 150 volumes, a list of which is printed in the report, forming a useful bibliography for reference. The Society has 250 members, ninety per cent of whom are women. Clergymen seem to find unusual favor in its sacred precincts, for about one-half of the men whose names appear in the list are representatives of the cloth. The few men not thus accounted for seem to be admitted as complementary to their wives, and doubtless keep modestly in the background. "Poet-Lore" is now the official organ of the Society.

"The Educational Review," speaking of the last report of the President of the Johns Hopkins University, and emphasizing that institution's need of further resources, makes the following observation: "If the funds that went to found Clark University, at Worcester, for example, or one-half of those that have been poured into the lap of the University of Chicago, had been added to the endowments of the Johns Hopkins, their value would have been multiplied many times." We have no quarrel with this statement, as far as the reference to Clark is concerned, for we have no doubt that the small university of the Clark type is not so well fitted as is the large university to make an effective use of money set apart for educational purposes. An institution planned upon a large scale has the economic advantages of all other large concerns. But we cannot understand how the value of the University of Chicago funds, or of any portion of them, could have been "multiplied many times," or in any way increased, had they been diverted to the uses of a smaller institution. Were the observation of "The Educational Review" reversed in its application, it would embody a certain element of truth, although not a very important one. We should say that, on the whole, the superior endowment of the University of Chicago was more than

enough to provide an offset to the better working conditions of the Johns Hopkins, and that anyone wishing to apply a sum of money to educational purposes, influenced only by the desire of putting it to the most fruitful use, would select the Western rather than the Eastern university as the recipient.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EMERSON'S RELATION TO SCIENCE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The statement of Mr. John Burroughs in the last issue of THE DIAL, that "Whitman and Tennyson were the only poets of note in our time who have drawn inspiration from modern sciences or viewed the universe through the vistas which science opens," will hardly pass without challenge from many quarters. Not to urge the claims of others, Emerson certainly ought to be added to the list. Emerson drew illustration and inspiration from all sources. He readily caught the new phraseology and ideas of science and made incidental use of them.

"The specious panorama of a year,
But multiplies the image of a day
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame."

"They harness beast, bird, insect, to their work;
They prove the virtues of each bed of rock,
And like the chemist 'mid his load of jars,
Draw from each stratum its adapted use
To drug their crops or weapon their arts withal."

He uses with great frequency and power illustrations from astronomy.

"The lonely Earth amid the balls
That hurry through the eternal halls,
A makeweight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral dark."

"Lights far furnace shines,
Smelting balls and bars,
Forging double stars,
Glittering twins and trines."

"The miracle of generative force,
Far reaching concords of astronomy
Felt in the plants and in the punctual birds."

These are, of course, merely incidental allusions to scientific facts, the full significance of which do not appear in the poem, but it would be difficult to prove that many of Tennyson's references to science were anything more profound. In other instances, however, Emerson showed that his faculty as a seer was not confined to questions of abstract philosophy, but that he was quite as capable as Whitman of "viewing the universe through the vistas which science opens." Let us quote at some length from the "Song of Nature."

"I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll,
The building of the coral sea,
The planting of the coal,

"And thefts from satellites and rings
And broken stars I drew,
And out of spent and aged things
I formed the world anew;

"What time the gods kept carnival,
Tricked out in star and flower,
And in cramp elf and saurian forms
They swathed their too much power.

"Time and thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They boiled the sea and piled the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

"Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more
And mix the bowl again;
Seethe, Fate! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, wet, dry, and peace, and pain.

"Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

"No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

In this poem the evolution of the material universe is recognized quite as fully, if with less verbiage, as it is by Whitman in the "Song of Myself." Emerson goes still farther and predicts, much as does Mr. Fisk in "The Destiny of Man," that last grand step in evolution, the development of a more glorious manhood on the intellectual and spiritual side.

The scientific theory of the genesis of the universe and the world was especially attractive to him and more than once he listens to the voice that sings,—

"Sweet the genesis of things,
Of tendency through endless ages,
Of star-dust, and star pilgrimages,
Of rounded worlds, of space and time,
Of the old flood's subsiding slime,
Of chemic matter, force and form,
Of poles and powers, cold, wet, and warm:
The rushing metamorphosis
Dissolving all that fixture is,
Melts things that be to things that seem,
And solid nature to a dream."

The material progress of "these States" through the inventions of science did not of course attract Emerson as it did Whitman, yet he recognized and applauded it.

"'T is fit the forest fall,
The steep be graded,
The mountain tunnelled,
The sand shaded,
The orchard planted,
The glebe tilled,
The prairie granted,
The steamer built."

I think that these examples, and many more which might be given, show that Emerson was in thorough sympathy with science so far as he knew it. He was not himself an accurate observer, and even expressed something of contempt for the scientific spirit which could not see beyond the end of the microscope. The meaning of some of the larger truths he saw and felt and made use of in his large way. I think this is all that can fairly be claimed for either Tennyson or Whitman. They used scientific truth because it had forced its way into their minds, rather than from any fixed intention or with any very definite purpose. It is quite possible that Whitman had a larger vision of the relations of science to poetry and life than was given to Tennyson or Emerson, yet his utterances upon the subject are for the most part tentative and vague. What is really important and significant is the fact that these three great poets did not dogmatically deny the possibility of a connection between science and poetry. Their period was not really the scientific age, but in their

later years they were prophetic forerunners of those who, in the coming time, will sing more perfectly the ideality of truth in whatever realm it may be found.

NEWTON MARSHALL HALL.

Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia., March 27, 1893.

LITERATURE AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with great interest your article on the Teaching of Literature at the Universities and the letter of your correspondent "C."* I write now merely to suggest that if "C." will get a catalogue of Columbia College, he may see reason to modify his assertion that "Harvard is the only institution where any considerable number of courses in pure literature has been offered to advanced students." I should like also to draw his attention to the fact that Columbia is the only institution in America having a professorship of pure literature: she has, in fact, two professors of literature, Mr. George E. Woodberry and myself. These chairs of literature are in addition to a professorship and an adjunct professorship of English language and literature and a professorship of rhetoric. At Columbia the literary spirit also dominates the teaching in other languages than English, as those know who are familiar with the way in which Professor Boyesen expounds Goethe and Schiller, Professor Merrian the comedies of Aristophanes, and Professor Peck the comic dramas of Plautus.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Columbia College, N. Y. City, March 21, 1893.

A PLEA FOR THE IDEAL.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Some food for reflection is to be found in a recent article in THE DIAL, by Major Joseph Kirkland, which calls attention to the modern Realistic tendency in literature and accepts it as a sign of promise.

Probably no terms in philosophic thought have been more abused than "Realism" and "Idealism." The ideal must have in it somewhat of the real to give it substance. The real must have somewhat of the ideal to lift it out of mere materialism. The great mass of good literature and art lies between these two limits, some leaning toward the one, some toward the other, but avoiding, alike, the extremes. The fact that the terms "Realist" and "Idealist" are, after all, only relative, leads to countless misunderstandings and conflicts, but we must take them as indicating the direction of a tendency which carried to its extreme in either case ceases to be artistic or profitable.

The tendency of modern thought is unquestionably toward the Realistic limit, and it would seem as if the limit had been almost reached. "Strong meat for men," "Leave behind us the fairy tales of the nursery," cries the apostle of this doctrine. Strong meat for men, to be sure, but let us see that it be not tainted. My friend X tells me he prefers beef just after the process of decomposition has begun. He assures me that its flavor is vastly improved thereby,—but I am not persuaded that his taste is a right one. And even supposing that the meat were good, there are varieties of meat. Some of us prefer chicken and fruits to corned beef and cabbage. Yet the modern taste demands strong meats, strong liquors, strong literature and art, —and physicians tell us that the great malady of the nineteenth century is dyspepsia.

I stepped into a book-store the other day to buy a set of Irving for a friend who, like myself, has an old-fashioned taste for good literature. The bookseller could not find a complete set of the edition I wanted, and told me, confidentially, that people did not read Irving any more,—he was too slow. I asked about Hawthorne. He looked at me wonderingly. "Hawthorne is away out of date," he said, "we sell Rudyard Kipling now." It was an unconscious testimony that the mass of people nowadays have lost the appreciation of a delicate flavor in literature. Intense business activity, the rush of men toward cities, with all that city life implies, demand condensation as the first characteristic. We have busy men's newspapers and we must have busy men's literature, brief, crisp, and strong. Addison used to be held up to schoolboys as a model of literary style, but the writer of to-day who should offer anything like Addison would find the grave of his literary efforts in the wastebasket of some "busy man's" magazine.

I am not a pessimist. There is much of good in this Realistic movement. It will lead to a closer study of nature and of things as they are,—and it will leave art and literature with a better equipment and a wider experience when the recoil sets in; for as in the history of all extreme movements, the recoil must come, and even now we may see prophetic signs in the heavens. The Realistic movement is a corrective and a necessity. So was the French Revolution, but that shall not lead us to praise Robespierre and the guillotine.

In Art, the Realistic creed finds its incarnation in faultlessly executed pictures, splendid technique, figures that seem to live and breathe, marvellous village loafers and street arabs which we have caught from the Dutch, wonderful naked women which we have caught from the French, beautiful iron bridges and elevators and factory smoke which we have caught from our intensely practical business life,—and yet in all these works not a thought to convey to the thousands that gape wonderingly at them in the art exhibitions,—no message to deliver, no word to tell that shall make men better or wiser or purer,—nothing but an offensive display of the artist's powers, as if he shall say, "Look at me. See how marvellously I can paint." "But," say their admirers, "these artists are true to nature." So is a camera.

To return to literature. The writer of the article referred to speaks of a revolting scene from Tolstoï's "Khlostomir," in which the horse's carcass is devoured by a gaunt she-wolf and afterward disgorged in her lair for the sustenance of her cubs. "Strong thinking and strong writing this," says the critic, "with a sweet moral growing out of its gross Realism." It is unfortunate that we have to manure our garden beds to make these flowers grow. The time was when the sons of men were pleased with the violet and the arbutus lifting their heads in the woods, and thought them sweet and beautiful enough. But now they ask for brighter colors and richer forms. This kind of fertilizing will perhaps bring them, but let us consider whether the stench from the garden beds may not be more noticeable than the fragrance of the flowers. All this may leave the ground richer, but can we not clear it away soon, and content ourselves with simpler flowers? There are yet some of us who love the old kinds best.

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD.

Chicago, March 20, 1893.

*THE DIAL, Feb. 1 and March 1, 1893.

The New Books.

A Trio of Notable Women.*

We take pleasure in noting a new and enlarged edition, from Messrs. Putnam's Sons, of Janet Ross's delightful book, "Three Generations of English Women"— a store-house of anecdotes, letters, and bits of portraiture and description, before which the quoter stands embarrassed, like the proverbial animal between the bundles of hay. The index contains so many names eminent in literature, politics, and society, that it reads like a roll of honor. As some of our readers are aware, the work consists of the Memoirs and Correspondence of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon, mother, daughter, and granddaughter, three ladies of uncommon natural parts and attainments, and endowed moreover with a sort of genius for forming intimacies with notable people. They were members of the excellent Taylor family of Norwich, which for several generations produced so many men and women of literary and scientific ability that it was a saying in Norfolk, that if a collection were made of the works of the Taylors, it would form a respectable library. They would seem, indeed, to have refuted a well-known maxim, disparaging to a useful craft, and to have shown in their own persons that it may sometimes take nine men to make a Taylor. For the gifted Sarah, to whom four-fifths of the volume is devoted, ten men were perhaps nearer the mark. As to the town of Norwich itself, "the place of her kindly engendure," the author remarks that the mental activity which distinguished it during the latter half of the last century and the earlier part of this, was very remarkable. Like the Chicago of to-day, it was a "literary centre" where Attic salt was so uncommonly cheap and abundant as to supersede the coarser grades, greatly to the advantage of conversation and cookery. The first subject of the Memoirs, Mrs. Susannah Taylor (who may be styled a Taylor by brevet only, as she came into the family by marriage), was an excellent, sensible woman, exceptionally versed in metaphysics and needlework, whose house at Norwich was the resort of some of the most cultivated people of the time. Under her hospitable mahogany were frequently stretched the eminent legs of Mrs. Barbauld, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Southey, Amelia Opie, Crabb Robinson (the Wandering Jew of anecdote), etc. Such was the charm of Mrs. Taylor's entertainment, that people used to say it was worth a journey to Norwich to spend an evening with her; and one learns with interest of the admirable woman that "she used to darn her boy's grey worsted stockings while holding her own in poetry and philosophy with Southey, Brougham, and Mackintosh." Her sober *salon* was no theatre for the mincing arts, the ogling and fan-flirting, of the *précieuse;* and whatever may have been the hue of Susannah Taylor's hosiery it was certainly not that inveterate indigo which lifts the wearer above the actualities—the undarned stockings and missing buttons — of daily life.

Naturally, Mrs. Taylor's Spartan notions were manifest in the bringing-up of her children. Herself no mere piece of parlor *bric-a-brac*, "wisely kept for show," she determined that her daughters' education should not end with what are known as "accomplishments"— glittering baits wherewith to angle in the sea of matrimony. Or perhaps she argued that a sober fish, a fish of weight and discretion, would rise more readily at a sober bait, say something in the line of solid literary and domestic attainments. Certainly, the training of her two girls was rigorously and systematically conducted; and while the ornamental was by no means neglected, the useful always took the *pas*. Sarah Austin, at a comparatively early age, was proficient in Latin, French, Italian, German, Political Economy, and the broader principles of Constitutional Law. Her bread and pastry were pronounced, by first-rate judges, remarkable for one of her years. It was a leading maxim with Mrs. Taylor that a girl should not marry too young—should not, so to speak, engage in a duel *à outrance* until duly steeled and practised in lesser trials. "Married in haste, we may repent at leisure," she used to say; and hence, when a certain Dr. Reeves manifested what our author terms "ardent feelings" (of which the faculty are sometimes capable) toward Sarah, she promptly wrote him:

> "She is but sixteen, and must go on with her lessons and practise housekeeping and the culinary arts, that she may not from mere inexperience make mistakes which her husband would not like."

The expression "culinary arts" (neatly emphasizing the dual nature of a branch that is, like painting, at once a handicraft and a fine

* Three Generations of English Women: Memoirs and Correspondence of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon. By Janet Ross. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

art) is characteristic of Mrs. Taylor's cultivated mind. A lesser woman had written it "cookery." In a somewhat similar vein, we find her writing to Sarah:

"... A well-educated young woman may always provide for herself, while girls that are but half instructed have too much cultivation for one sort of life and too little for another. Besides that, the stiff aristocratical carriage produced by the idea that they are born to be young ladies and to spend their time in frivolous occupations is an impediment to everything valuable, for we must mix kindly and cordially with our fellow creatures in order to be useful to them or to make them useful to us. ..."

Sarah Austin (to her younger familiars, "Sally Taylor"), to whom, as already stated, most of the volume is devoted, was a woman of unusual beauty, whose judgment, shrewd sense, and solid learning made her the confidant, and in some sort the oracle, of many eminent men. Diaries and letters of the period contain frequent mention of Mrs. Austin. She is "My brightest and best" to Lord Jeffrey; "Dear, fair, and wise" to Sidney Smith; "My great ally" to Sir James Stephen; "Sunlight through waste weltering chaos" to Carlyle; *La petite mère du genre humain*" to Michel Chevalier; "*Liebes Mütterlein*" to John Stuart Mill; and "My own Professorin" to Charles Buller. Among her correspondents were Carlyle, Gladstone, Jeremy Bentham, Sir W. Hamilton, Sidney Smith, von Ranke, Guizot, Comte, St. Hilaire, Dr. Whewell, and others of note, whose letters, printed at length in the volume, form most instructive and suggestive reading.

There are, perhaps, points in which woman, as woman, falls short of man,—is (and we say it cautiously) his inferior. She cannot, for instance, throw a stone with ease and precision, or, save in certain sporadic and abnormal cases, wear a beard. It has been held that she cannot keep a secret; but that is an open question, and we find no *a priori* ground for the position. There is no doubt in the world that Mrs. Austin could keep one, for we find her intrusted by her correspondents with many delicate confidences. Many of the letters cited above contain the frankest self-disclosures; and it is usually evident that what the writers sought was — what only a woman can give in full measure — sympathy. They knew better than to look to one of their own sex for it. What instinct teaches the child, experience verifies in the man, and when he needs sympathy — be it in his work, in his views, in his pleasures, or in his sorrows—he consults a woman. Mrs. Austin was an unusually sympathetic, liberal, and cultivated woman; her friends opened their hearts to her; hence the great value and interest of many of the letters addressed to her by people of whom the world wishes to know more, and can scarcely know enough.

Jeremy Bentham was her fast friend and admirer; and indeed, her beauty and wit would seem to have made a tender impression upon that (theoretically) obdurate man. She saw him a fortnight before his death, and he gave her a ring, with his portrait and some of his hair let in behind, and "Memento for Mrs. John Austin: Jeremy Bentham's hair and profile," engraved on it. He kissed her affectionately and said, "There, my dear, it is the only ring I ever gave to a woman." To have thus thawed the utilitarian frosts that bound the heart of Bentham was no common triumph. But Sarah Austin's was no common beauty; and a friend wrote of her that when once, as a girl, she was taken ill at Bath,—

"She was with us about ten days, lying on the sofa, with no dress but a riding habit; and I remember well how our drawing-room was besieged by the young beaux of Bath, anxious to see the recumbent beauty. . ."

Among her several perfections Mrs. Austin boasted a remarkably small and shapely foot, —"an excellent thing in woman," and we believe something of a rarity in the British Isles. Touching this foot, Mr. John Austin, its fortunate lord and master, used to relate, with great pride and gusto, a pleasant story. He was once traveling in Germany with his wife, when, on stopping over-night at a country inn,—

"Mrs. Austin felt tired and went early to bed, setting, as was her custom, her shoes outside the door. John Austin went out for a walk, and on his return found that a party of students had arrived. As he entered the dining room they were at supper, and drinking, with many 'Hochs' and great enthusiasm, the health of the unknown owner of a little shoe which one of them had picked up in the passage and was holding aloft."

This passing mention of John Austin will perhaps recall to the reader's memory Lord Melbourne's description of him (in "Greville")— which was certainly more pithy and characteristic of his lordship than just to its object:

"Melbourne said, 'Bickersteth was a Benthamite, and they were all fools.' I said, 'The Austins were not fools.' 'Austin? Oh, a d — d fool; did you ever read his book on "Jurisprudence"?' I said I had read the greater part of it, and that it did not appear to be the work of a fool. He said he had read it all, and that it was the dullest book he had ever read, and full of truisms elaborately set forth. Melbourne is fond of being slashing and paradoxical."

While our author makes it clear that Mr. Austin was by no means a "fool," she seems to us to make it equally clear that he was a pedant — one of those portentously learned, dull persons who have, so to speak, read themselves stupid. In point of learning, Sarah Austin's husband was a whole encyclopædia ahead of most people. Echo herself was not more un-original.

The Austins spent much time in Germany, and the comments on German manners and notabilities in Mrs. Austin's diary are often highly diverting. In November, 1842, she writes, at Berlin:

"Tea at Schelling's, a very agreeable party. Two Grimms and Mdme. Grimm, Ranke, Steffens, Countess Bohlen, and others. I was more struck with the Grimms than with anybody. I talked to Wilhelm, taking him for Jacob. He told me of my mistake, and I said it did not signify, the brothers Grimm were one thing. Presently Jacob came and sat by me. . . His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth, ungentlemanlike air so common among them. . . Ranke is a little, insignificant-looking man, very like a Frenchman—small, vivacious, and a little conceited-looking."

"*Dec. 17.*— Went to Savigny's. Nobody was there but W. Grimm and his wife and a few men. Grimm told me he had received two volumes of Norwegian fairy-tales, and that they were delightful. I said, 'Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of fairy-tales.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen, somebody spoke to my little son about his *Märchen*. He had read them but never thought of their being mine. He came running to me, and said, with an offended air, "Father, they say you wrote those fairy-tales; surely you never invented such silly rubbish?" He thought it below my dignity.'"

Here is another of Grimm's stories:

"When I was a young man I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old Elector. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neck-cloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking along stiffly, a groom came by riding a horse which he appeared to be breaking in. 'What mare is that you are riding?' called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. 'She belongs to Prince George,' answered the groom. 'Ah — h!' said the major, raising his hand reverently to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. 'I told that story,' continued Grimm, 'to Prince B., thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, "Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found."'"

While at Berlin, continues Mrs. Austin,—

"Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, etc. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense — all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasionally, great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, '*Qu'est-ce que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?*' I laughed out: one must admit that the expression is most happy."

From the varied mass of characteristic letters addressed to Mrs. Austin, a few scattered crumbs may be selected. Here is an invitation to a "philosophical breakfast" from Sidney Smith:

". . . But will you come to a Philosophical breakfast on Saturday, ten o'clock punctually? Nothing taken for granted. Everything (except the Thirty-nine Articles) called in question — real Philosophers. . . ."

Another letter (worthy of Charles Lamb) addressed by Sidney to Mrs. Austin's little daughter must be given in full.

"Lucie, my dear child, don't tear your frock: tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts: be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucie, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucie, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic. By the time you return I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore I now give you my parting advice — don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year."

In a letter of Thomas Carlyle we note the following cheerful and encouraging view of that poor occupation, book reviewing:

"I have learned lately, by various cheering symptoms, that British Reviewing had as good as died a natural death, and the Lie lied itself out; that the most harmonious diapason from the united throat of universal British Criticism would hardly pay its own expenses. Rejoice, my dear Friend, that you can now sit apart from the distracted gulph of abominations; and pay for those that must still swim for their life there."

This is strongly put; and we commend it to the notice of critics of Reviewers of Western Books. There is another letter, in similar vein, also from the irate sage of Craigenputtock, with an extract from which we must close our inadequate notice of Mrs. Austin. After a vigorous characterization of the politics of the day — "a hollow, barren jarring of Radicalism and Toryism," — he goes on, pleasantly and rationally:

"Meanwhile literature, one's sole craft and staff of life, lies broken in abeyance; what room for music amid

the braying of innumerable jackasses, the howling of innumerable hyænas whetting the tooth to eat them up? Alas for it! it is a sick disjointed time; neither shall we ever mend it; at best let us hope to mend ourselves. I declare I sometimes think of throwing down the Pen altogether as a worthless weapon; and leading out a colony of these poor starving Drudges to the waste places of their old Mother Earth, where for the sweat of their brow bread *will* rise for them; it were perhaps the worthiest service that at this moment could be rendered our old world to throw open for it the doors of the New."

One cannot help thinking that perhaps the new "colony" might thrive better under the leadership of a less dyspeptic and more sanguine Moses.

Of Lady Duff Gordon (Lucie Austin), the third of our trio of "English Women," we can give here but a brief account. What perfunctory pen could render justice to the wit, beauty, vagaries, amiability, of that brilliant woman? Much of her later life was spent out of England — in Germany, France, Egypt, and at Cape Town,—and her letters from those places form, to our thinking, the most charming part of the volume. She inherited her mother's beauty, and had a fair share of her learning with twenty times her originality. Between the epistolary style of the daughter and that of the mother there is a strong contrast. It is Pegasus to a coach-horse — with all respect to the serviceable qualities of the heavier animal. Sarah Austin's treatment of a topic is serious, learned — and ponderous. Her wings, like those of Macaulay's ostrich, helped her to run but not to fly. On the other hand, Lady Lucie's nimble fancy plays about her theme like fitful flashes of summer lightning, lighting it now on this side, now on that, ever startling us with a fresh hue or aspect. Of her mother's childhood and school days our author (the great-granddaughter of Susannah Taylor) gives us a charming picture. One learns, with a melancholy interest, that the little Lucie's chief playfellow was John Stuart Mill (once styled by an irate opponent a "book in breeches") and that the field of their childish sports was the garden of Jeremy Bentham. Before the duplex fact of Mr. Mill (even as a boy) *playing*, and of Jeremy Bentham keeping a garden, imagination staggers. It is like fancying Immanuel Kant spinning a top, or an eminent publisher playing at "mumble-the-peg." The Bentham garden was, we suspect, a very utilitarian one, perhaps a sort of market garden (like that of Richard Swiveller's rival, Mr. Cheggs), where geometrical beds were laid out with the precision of a treatise on poor rates, and the plants, over which no butterfly ever fluttered, were rigidly propped and scientifically tagged. In these severe surroundings, much petted by the Grotes, Carlyles, Sterlings, Romillys, Comte, Say, and other family friends, Lucie grew in vigor and sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence. Mill could not benumb her fancy, nor Bentham chill her sentiment. She lived in a world of elves and fairies; and a playmate, Herbert Taylor, with whom she used to paddle, barefoot, in the unromantic waters of the Regent's canal, once said to the author, "I remember how odd I thought your mother, and the wonderful tales she used to tell me about the newts and toads." Later, at Boulogne, Lucie met with a kindred spirit, Heinrich Heine, who told *her* still more wonderful tales than the ones *she* had told her playfellow, and with a wilder fancy. She sat next to Heine at the *table d'hôte*, and related of him, long afterward, when the Master of the Laughing Tear slept "under the wings of Renown" in trim Montmartre:

"He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, 'When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.' I replied, 'And who is Heinrich Heine?' He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, watersprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the watersprites brought him greetings from the 'Nord See.' . . . He afterwards told me that the poem '*Wenn ich an deinem Hause*,' etc., was meant for me and my '*braune Augen*'."

In after life, when the little girl of the Boulogne pier had been long married, and the pristine gilt had long worn off her matrimonial ginger-bread, she again saw the poet — "*quantum mutatus ab illo!*" — poor and dying in his shabby attic in Paris:

"I for my part could scarcely speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. . . . He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers, and exclaimed, '*Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; das ist eigen!*' ('God! little Lucie has grown big, and has a husband; that is funny.') He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented; and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as '*die kleine Lucie*' had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, 'That is well, it does one good to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart, to

be mended by all sorts of men, like the women here, who do not see that a total want of heart is their real failing.' . . . After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say '*Lebewohl auf ewig*' (farewell forever), or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as a 'beautiful, kind angel of death,' to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all 'bad French thoughts.' . . . It was evident that I recalled some happy time in his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to speak German, and to consider me still as a child. . . . The impression he made on me was so deep, that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and I shall never forget the sad pale face and eager manner of poor Heine."

One is reminded of the world-worn poet's own lines —

"Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht."

But we must take leave here of our "Three English Women"— hoping the reader may be moved to seek a nearer acquaintance with them. The volume is a good piece of bookmaking (exceptionally so, considering its moderate price), and there is a frontispiece, with portraits of the trio and their biographer which we fear do them scant justice. E. G. J.

Plato and Platonism.*

It would be superfluous to dwell on the felicitous diction and artistic unity of composition of Mr. Walter Pater's exquisite little volume of lectures on "Plato and Platonism." What I wish to emphasize is its value as an aid to the serious interpretation of Plato's thought. Slight as the performance may seem to the specialist, notable as are its limitations and occasional lapses from accuracy in point of erudite detail, it has the rare distinction of being right and just throughout; it is the first true and correctly proportioned presentation of Platonism that has been given to the general reader. Mr. Pater has, in Emerson's phrase, succeeded in "nestling into Plato's brain," and, if not in thinking thence, at least in looking out from it upon the Greek world of the fourth century B. C. Historic criticism, as he justly says, is in the end the only scientific criticism, and yet "the trial-task of criticism begins when we touch what is unique in the individual genius, which contrived after all by force of will to have its own masterful way with that environment." To this double task of criticism Mr. Pater brings sufficient scholarship, and the broad historic culture and refined literary instinct without which the highest merely linguistic scholarship is impotent to interpret a literature like the Greek. He has brought Plato into intelligible relation to the life and thought of his time, has clearly apprehended the chief elements of his complex personality, the distinctive note of his genius, and so has interpreted the work from within, from the "man and the environment" that brought it forth.

Perhaps the most acceptable service of the reviewer of such a book will be to resume in simple direct language some of the thoughts which the "indefectible"—to compliment Polus in his own peculiar style,— the "indefectible" graces of the author's elaborate diction may obscure for some impatient readers. The central idea of the book is Plato's twofold relation to that fundamental Greek and human antithesis of the Ionian and Dorian temperament, the ideals of progress and conservatism, of expansion and self-restraint. Himself the noblest type of that graceful Athenian many-sidedness, of which Pericles made such magnificent boast, but writing in an age when the living force of Athens and of Greece was flaming itself away in the fever of unrestrained individualism, watching the society that had produced Marathon, Salamis, and the Æschylean drama, "dying of the triumph of the liberal party," Plato was led by inevitable reaction to seek salvation for Athens and mankind in the contrasted Dorian ideal of simplification and austere self-control.

This key-note is struck in the first chapter, where, in a brilliant exposition of the ancient Heraclitean and modern evolutionist philosophy of mutability and the flux of form, we learn how to Plato motion "becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our thoughts about them," so that in his very vocabulary such innocent or pleasant words as "manifold," "embroidered," "changeful," become the synonyms of what is evil. In opposing to this world of flux his ideal world of changeless, formless, colorless, impalpable, essence, Plato was consciously under the influence of Parmenides and the Eleatic pantheism that taught of one immovable being, the only true Godhead behind the fantastic shapes of the Homeric and Hesiodic mythology, the only reality underlying the kaleidoscopic figures of change. And from Pythagoras he learned (besides the poetic dream of a prenatal existence which Wordsworth has made familiar to us) to con-

*Plato and Platonism: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. New York: Macmillan & Co.

ceive the Heraclitean motion as beats or waves of measured harmony rippling into rhythmic life and activity the cold inert ocean of Parmenidean being. All this is very well said (as Mr. Pater says it) and is delightful reading. A more philosophic treatment would point out that Plato, while yielding to the charm of these earlier half-poetic lisping philosophies, consciously dominates them from a higher plane of thought. He is quite as well aware as his most literal-minded modern critic that he is playing with symbols, and that it is somewhat fantastic to charge these catchwords of primitive generalization with all the weight of moral significance which he discovers in them. But to make this clear, Mr. Pater would have been obliged to follow the master into some of those metaphysical disquisitions from the pedantry of which he shrinks with the true Oxford Platonist's pedantic affectation of abhorrence of pedantry.

Guided by this central conception of Platonism, Mr. Pater finds something new (in form, at least) to say about the Sophists. Rising at once above the region of the tiresome debate initiated by Grote's defence of the Sophists, he shows how "the great Sophist was the Athenian public itself, Athens, as the willing victim of its own gifts, its own flamboyancy." The Sophists by their teaching reinforced this dangerous centrifugal tendency, this "ruinous fluidity," this excessive individualism, stimulating the over stimulated and excitable Athenian temperament to burst all bonds of convention that fettered self-expansion, not excepting the prejudice of morality. In politics, morals, and literature no real things existed for them; they recognized only counters and pawns to be placed and moved in a skilfully played game.

To these teachers and the tendencies they embodied Plato opposed the world of absolute ideas and his dream of an ideal republic in which the judgments of the philosophic few should be fixed by education and consecrated by religion and art as the immutable prejudices of the disciplined many. A faint adumbration of such a society Plato, with pardonable anti-patriotic bias, seemed to discern in that mysterious Lacedæmon lying concealed among the hollow hills, where stern Dorian discipline, though narrow and harsh, still continued to produce from generation to generation the noblest physical types of Hellenic manhood.

And so, with exquisite art, before proceeding to portray for us Plato's ideal state, Mr. Pater takes us to Lacedæmon in the company of a supposed curious visitor from the Academy. A barren abstract would give the reader no conception of this beautiful chapter. It is a prose poem in which all that fragmentary tradition has told us of Sparta and her ways, all that the Dorian discipline symbolized for the Athenian philosopher's idealizing imagination, is blended in exquisite harmony with the conjectures of German science and the permissible fancies and modern English analogies that suggest themselves to one who has mused and studied year after year in that richly-laden Oxford air. Thus prepared we pass to the "Republic," the dialogue which the author seems to have studied most diligently — to which the entire book indeed is in a sense an introduction. One, perhaps the chief, aspect of Plato's many-sided masterpiece Mr. Pater has clearly apprehended and set forth—that it is the philosopher's day dream of a city of the perfect made strong by law, custom, and wise prejudice to resist the great goddess Mutability, and the play of those centrifugal forces which were then destroying Greece and to which every combination formed by man must sooner or later yield. But Plato explicitly affirms that the main theme of the "Republic" is ethical — the demonstration (where formal logic fails) by psychological and social analogies, of the everlasting truth that righteousness is better than unrighteousness. Plato may have misconceived or misstated the dominant thought of the "Republic," but no treatment of Platonism is quite satisfactory that does not assign their due place to the ethical discussions of the "Gorgias," "Philebus," and ninth book of the "Republic." Mr. Pater's readers, however, will not regret that he has chosen to depict a personality and a conception of human life rather than to follow the windings of an argument. Still seeking to interpret Platonism from within, he finds the peculiar quality of Plato's genius to reside in the blending of diverse elements seemingly contradictory. A disciple of Socrates, the barefoot philosopher with whom the Stoic and Cynic traditions began, Plato was himself endowed with a complex and richly sensuous nature. He might have been a poet of the order of Catullus or Sappho, or a rhetorical sophist with more philosophy than Gorgias and more courage to confront the conflicts of real life than Isocrates. The philosopher of pure "being," he was yet a man "for whom the visible world existed," a "seer with a sensuous love of the unseen," one who came very near to persons and who felt all things in an intense vivid per-

sonal fashion. This is the secret of his fascination for Mr. Pater, whose reasoned preference for "Cistercian Gothic," Gregorian church music, sober monastic greys, and awful youthful beauty tempered by asceticism, seems to require constant stimulus from reflection on the juxtaposed contrast of florid and flamboyant decoration, complex Wagnerian harmonies, the scarlet and cloth of gold of gorgeous papal functions, and youthful beauty that dedicates itself more freely to the sun. But though the uninitiated may be provoked to a philistine smile by the imagery in which the writer strives to convey to us not merely his thought but its emotional accompaniment, there is no question that this chapter on the genius of Plato is a more serious contribution to the right understanding of Platonism than tomes of the ponderous analysis in which German science disputes the genuineness of his most characteristic works, or endeavors to trace the evolution of his thought by counting his particles.

After thus penetrating to the heart of the man, to the central core of his personality, Mr. Pater is able to dismiss in one chapter the formal doctrine — the theory of ideas and the dialectic. He attempts no exact analysis of the logical and metaphysical problems so curiously intermingled in Plato's abstruser writings. That would necessitate the use of ugly words in 'osity and 'ation and a style of hard pedantic precision justly abhorrent to his fastidious taste. His aim is merely to remove certain stumbling blocks from the pathway of the young Platonist, and to bring out the essential significance of the ideas and the dialectic from the side of personality — as an attitude of mind, a point of view, a trick of expression. The tone is apologetic — "not here, O Apollo, are haunts fit for thee" — "of course we are not naturally formed to love or be interested in or attracted towards the abstract as such." But something, he thinks, may be said by way of "apology for general ideas, — abstruse or intangible, or dry and seedy and wooden as we may sometimes think them." Something, indeed! Mr. Pater must be aware that there exist men who would define education as the acquisition and progressive rectification of general ideas, men to whom abstraction and generalization are naturally interesting, men who are supremely bored both in real life and in realistic or æsthetic literature by the visible tangible world with its insistent intrusion of concrete and irrelevant detail; men whose pulses are stirred by a subtle generalization, but who would pass unheeding by the finest intarsia work of "Fra Damiano of Bergamo." Plato was not thus limited, having (as the old anecdote puts it) the eye to discern both man and humanity. But it is precisely as the author of those "barren logomachies" of the "Theætetus," "Sophist," and "Parmenides," from which æsthetic Oxford shrinks with such fastidious dread, that he has attracted some of the disciples who have done him most honor in every age. Within its self-imposed limits, however, nothing could be clearer or more illuminating than the account here given of the ideas. They are primarily a way of regarding and speaking of "general terms such as 'useful' or 'just,' of abstract notions, like 'equality,' of ideals such as 'Beauty,' or 'the Perfect City.'" These are first conceived as things, as entities quite as real and definite as the fleeting particulars of individual sensation, and then, in certain select instances, and under the influence of certain exalted moods, they are personified and gather to themselves all the associations of real persons — and yet always as a fashion of speech, a way of feeling, never as a rigid and systematic doctrine. These ideas, mythologically said to have been contemplated by the soul in the infinite voyagings of its prenatal life, are recoverable now only by the dialectic process — a communing of the soul with itself, or better yet with some kindred spirit, whereby the essential significance of the facts of common experience is struck out as the spark of fire (it is Plato's figure) glints from the firesticks of primitive man. Only through such flexible, ever renewed, self-checking, and sometimes self-contradicting induction can reminiscence recover the memory of that lost vision, and the thinker steadying himself amid the flux of sense attain to "perfectly representative ideas and a reasoned reflex of experience." Even then our truth may prove to be only relative truth, an adumbration of the postulated absolute. And thus it happens that Plato, the philosopher of "absolute being," is also the true spiritual father of the long and illustrious line of sceptics and eclectics — the New Academy, Cicero, Abelard, Montaigne, Victor Cousin, and our English Jowett and Arnold. Such, in general, is the conception of Plato's "doctrine," which Mr. Pater sets forth with inimitable felicity of diction and aptness of illustration. I know of nothing in Platonic literature at once so sound and so illuminating for the young student.

The concluding chapter on the Platonic Æsthetics, while in the main luminous and just, needs, I think, to be supplemented. For Plato the style is (of) the very man. His own style is the expression of a rich sensuous imagination, informed and guided by the severest logic, of the ascetic chastening of an originally passionate nature, and his æsthetic doctrine is based on the conviction that such chastening is indispensable to the welfare of man, to the salvation of the versatile and lively Greek. Man is an imitative animal, unconsciously, inevitably imitative. His nature is subdued to what he works and lives in. Beauty born of murmuring sound does really pass into the maiden's face. Art can never be a morally indifferent thing if, as Ruskin says after Plato, every work of art tends to reproduce in the beholder the state of mind and temper that brought it forth. It is therefore more than a mere metaphor to speak of an "incorrigibly lewd style," a base and degrading music, a vulgar and incontinent architecture. "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*" is the law and lesson of life. How shall we learn it if we abandon our souls to be played upon and fretted by the alluring solicitations of an art without restraints and without reserves? It is not good, says the sage old counsellor of Xerxes in Herodotus, to teach our souls to be ever reaching out after new things. Let us ther (this is Plato's inference), let us shut ourselves within narrowing nunnery walls of an austere hieratic art, and turn our eyes away from the brilliant Homeric epic — that lucid Ionian mirror of the various-colored world, "all the wealth and all the woe." It is not good to dabble in the fount of fictive tears and divorce the feeling from its mate the deed. We must banish gorgeous Tragedy with her sceptred pall; hymner of autocratic kings and unbridled democracies. For all her august mien, she cares nothing to make us better, but only to minister to the pride of eye and ear. And if we admit the honeyed Muse into our state, "pleasure and pain will be the lords of our city instead of law and the rule that right reason shall have pronounced to be the best." Hymns and psalms and song services of praise must be the only music and poetry of the city of the perfect. And yet there is no hard puritanic insensibility in Plato's banishment of Homer and his train. He is only too susceptible to the fascinations of the honeyed Muse, as the fond and frequent citations scattered over his pages prove. "We are very conscious of her charms — and thou too, dear friend, art thou not thyself beguiled by her and chiefly when thou dost contemplate her through Homer?" But great is the prize for which we are striving, and what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of poetry and art and lose his own soul?

> "But all those pleasant bowers and palace brave
> Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless,
> Ne aught their goodly workmanship might save
> Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness."

Mr. Pater seems to close his eyes to this culmination in Plato of the eternal tragedy of the conflict in imperfect human nature between the artist's apprehension of the beautiful and the thinker's conception of the salutary and the true. He finds consolation in the sterner charm of "Saint Ouen of the aisles and arches" or Notre Dame de Bourges. But Plato cherished few if any such illusions as to the superior loveliness of the "dry beauty," and had the *anima naturaliter pagana* that lurks in every one of us, cries out: Ah no,—

> "Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas."

We may dream of a time when these discords shall be resolved in a higher harmony. But to-day in the noonday of science they are felt no less poignantly by sensitive natures than then in the dawn of speculative philosophy. As the wayward Nietsche (himself an intelligence at war with a temperament) profoundly says in his half-mystical language: "Art is like wine. Better it is for a man to need neither, but to keep to cold water, and change the water into wine by the inward fire, the indwelling sweetness of the soul."

Paul Shorey.

University of Chicago.

The Rise and Fall of the Southern Empire.*

The designs of the American slave power leading to the Civil War, and the probable future of the country if the Rebellion had been successful, are forcibly portrayed by Mr. Oliver T. Morton, in his essay entitled "The Southern Empire." The essay affords interesting material for reflection and conjecture. It opens with a sketch of the purposes of the Knights of the Golden Circle, as disclosed by the Federal grand jury in Indiana in 1862. The object of this fraternity was to acquire territory in Mexico, Central America, and Cuba, and thereby

*The Southern Empire. With Other Papers. By Oliver T. Morton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

to foster and extend a great slave empire. As the Romans established themselves around the Mediterranean, so the Gulf of Mexico and Caribean Sea would become a second Mediterranean for an empire in the New World, supported by the institution of slavery. Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, would follow the fate of Cyprus, Sardinia, Sicily.

The causes of the Civil War, as set forth by Southern statesmen, were mere constitutional quibbles, utterly inadequate as a vital reason for such a struggle. When the South agreed to the Missouri Compromise it affirmed the power of Congress to regulate slavery in the territories. When it failed to extend the line of 36° 30′ through the Mexican acquisition, and repealed this compromise, it trusted at first to squatter sovereignty to protect its peculiar domestic institution; and when it failed to make a slave state of Kansas, then came the Dred Scott decision which denied the power of the people of a territory or of Congress itself to keep slavery out.

The filibustering societies which abounded before the war were merely the natural expression of the tendency of the slave system. Slave labor was unskilful. Slaves lacked versatility. They had not the deftness and education needful for the artisan nor any stimulant to exertion. The planter must have virgin soil at a nominal price. Immense territory was necessary.

But there was a more pressing need than that of land: more slaves must be procured. Our Constitution abolished the slave-trade in 1808; but after the invention of the cotton-gin the price of slaves rose rapidly. Virginia became the great market of supply, and was opposed to competition from Africa. The constitutional prohibition of the foreign slave-trade, adopted at Montgomery, was part of the price of Virginia's withdrawal from the Union, and was a concession to the sentiment of Europe, whose aid the South expected. But the re-establishment of this trade would be only a question of time. Delegates to the Charleston Convention in 1860 advocated it. Governor Adams, of South Carolina, in 1857 defended it. The Louisiana House of Representatives in 1858 authorized the importation of negroes to be indentured for fifteen years. Premiums were offered for the best specimens of imported Africans and prizes for the best sermons on the ethics of such importation. Jefferson Davis saw no inhumanity in the slave trade. Alexander H. Stephens insisted that without an increase of slaves from abroad many more slave states need not be looked for. Legal prohibitions would soon become inoperative. During eighteen months, in 1859 and 1860, eighty-five vessels were fitted out for this trade in New York City alone. The desire for cotton would make it imperative.

The demand for additional land meant the conquest of Mexico and Central America. The need of more slaves meant the annexation of Cuba, a nursery of negroes. The logic of successful rebellion was the creation of a tropical slave empire. Slave agriculture banished all pursuits but its own. The South was an aristocracy. There were few large towns. The planters lived apart on their estates like feudal lords. The barons' wars were repeated in miniature, by Southern feuds. There was no place for the well-to-do middle classes, and the so-called "white trash" offered an inexhaustible supply of ruffianism ready for every purpose of ambition. As the slave system of Rome created vast estates in Italy, so the slave system of the South created vast plantations and impoverished the remaining population.

The slave power entered upon its career of territorial extension with the purchase of Florida. The attempts, successful and otherwise, to acquire Texas, California, Mexico, Cuba, and Central America, were merely steps in an evolution proceeding along lines of economic law. Henry A. Wise said in Congress, in 1842, that slavery would pour itself abroad without restraint, and find no limit but the Southern Ocean. Mr. Morton refers to the encouragement of Kinney and Walker in Central America; the quarrels with Great Britain for outlying islands; the designs upon the Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama, and Darien routes to the Pacific; and the scheme to get a foothold in San Domingo. He recites the history of the Gadsden purchase. The original intent to acquire all the Northern States of Mexico was an indication of this great movement. In 1854 Mr. Buchanan, as Minister to England, proclaimed to the world, in the Ostend circular, the purpose to take Cuba by force of arms if other methods would not avail, and expressed sympathy with the efforts made by the people of Central America to regenerate the isthmus.

The War of the Rebellion was practically a conspiracy for the acquisition of this slave empire. Had the Confederacy been successful, its legions would have been an irresistible army of conquest. The new dominions "would un-

fold like a fan, and the empire would coil itself unhindered about the Gulf of Mexico." The foreign slave trade would be riveted upon the new domain, with a government founded upon force, not upon consent, and finally resulting in remorseless absolutism.

"And what of the North, left by secession a dishonored fragment? . . . In the very heat of the war, Vallandigham said: 'There is not one drop of rain that falls on the whole vast expanse of the Northwest that does not find its home in the bosom of the Gulf. We must and will follow it, with travel and trade; not by treaty, but by right; freely, peaceably, without restriction or tribute, under the same government and flag.' . . . Would new leagues or confederacies be formed which should possess the element of stability, or would they too be involved in strife and be torn with civil dissensions? . . . The Southern Empire would probably share the fate of Rome in its declining days. It would first lose the provinces outlying on the north, either by military invasion, or, as surely, by the slow working of economic laws. The reopening of the slave trade would make slave-breeding unprofitable, and gradually the border states would fall away, subject, as they must be, to competition, and to other modifying influences of the Northern industrial system. Later, the other Southern states would be recovered to freedom, either through an increasing sterility of the land, or through a dearth of slave labor, caused by the ultimate suppression of the slave trade. Slavery would thus owe its destruction to one of two processes which secession might impede, but which it could not defeat. The slave empire would recede slowly towards the tropics, giving up all its old possessions in the republic, withering in the North, enlarging by tumorous growth in the South, until finally it would become an inert mass, be drained of its vitality, fade into a mere geographical expression, and perish of inherent weakness or decay. Or, perchance, the end would be hastened by foreign intervention. The slave empire, as a political idea and entity, would be a defiance of the moral sense of the civilized world, and would excite an international crusade, which, beginning on the coasts of Africa, might lay low the very citadel. In any event, the slave state would be doomed, whether it should die of itself or by the hand of an executioner. All this, however, after many, many years. And who can say what misery and disaster would be crowded into that hiatus of freedom? But it is useless to multiply hypotheses. Although we may not differ widely in our conclusions, our speculations are in air. We can only know that, a brief twenty-five years ago, the American Union, freighted with the best aspirations of humanity, narrowly escaped shipwreck, and that a great storm subsided into a billow of half a million graves."

Mr. Morton's speculations upon this theme have perhaps at least this practical value: that they remind us of the immeasurable gratitude due to those who averted this calamity.

Of the two additional essays in this interesting volume, it is impossible to speak here at length. The one on "Oxford" presents a brief history of the great English university and its influences upon human thought, with here and there glimpses of the old town and the impressions awakened by its ancient structures and the associations that gather around them. The third essay fully expresses its subject in its title: "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." It is doubtful if the *rationale* of this much abused but inevitable reform has been anywhere better set forth. Mr. Morton's style is concise, nervous, suggestive, rich, and imaginative; yet it is the thought compressed into his earnest sentences which give these essays their chief value.

WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.*

Mr. Black is a writer whom one wishes to treat with consideration because of the simple and refined pleasure he has given to numberless thousands of readers. He has written some pages that are almost classic in their descriptive beauty, and told some stories that reach the springs of the most genuine and tender feeling. Nearly everything that he has done, moreover, has been done sensibly and in good taste. But his later work has so clearly become a mere mechanical output, a refurbishing of old ideas and situations, that it cannot be praised very seriously. The action of "Wolfenberg" takes place on a P. and O. excursion steamer, and covers the entire round trip, but the people with whom it acquaints us are clearly the people with whom we have traveled so many times in other conveyances, in yachts, and phaetons, and house-boats. Those that pretend to be new-comers are so only in name, and several of the characters are not given even that slight disguise. Besides this, the plot presents

*WOLFENBERG: A Novel. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE: A Romance. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

THE SHIFTING OF THE FIRE. By H. Ford Hueffer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A MORAL DILEMMA. By Annie Thompson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE FISHGUARD INVASION BY THE FRENCH IN 1797. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

AN ODD SITUATION. By Stanley Waterloo. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.

KING ZUB. By Walter Herries Pollock. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

IN THE THREE ZONES. By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

COMMANDER MENDOZA. By Juan Valera. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HANGING MOSS. By Paul Lindau. Translated from the German, by Winchester Ayer and Helen Folger. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

L'AMÉRICAINE. By Jules Claretie. Translated by William Henry Scudder. Chicago: Morrill, Higgins & Co.

COSMOPOLIS: A Novel. By Paul Bourget. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

several improbabilities, and the whole effect of the narrative is artificial. The best thing about it is the scenery, which the author, as usual, describes with a master-hand, and it is at least refreshing to find the shores of the Mediterranean substituted for the coast of Scotland.

"The Secret of Narcisse," which is, we believe, Mr. Gosse's first essay in the art of prose fiction, is a simple story of sixteenth century Lorraine. Love and superstition are the twin motives that urge the action on, the one vainly striving to thwart the baleful influence of the other. Narcisse, who is a mechanic and an artist, devises a machine so ingenious that it must perforce be the work of the devil, and he is strangled in due form for thus practising the black art. Mr. Gosse has been successful in reproducing the atmosphere of the time, but his characters are of the most shadowy texture, and make no strong appeal to human interest.

"The Shifting of the Fire" is a meaningless title for a meaningless novel. The book is written by Mr. H. Ford Hueffer (who is, by the way, the son of Francis Hueffer, and the grandson of Ford Madox Brown) in a style that is at once affected, silly, and vulgar. The following is a specimen: "A house into which death has entered has always a calm dimness over it, not dissimilar to the noonday hush of a cloister — a feeling of fingers placed reverently to lips — and it was from this sanctuary of hushedness that Hollebone must needs sally forth on his rounds." The plot of the story is preposterous, and the character-delineation is of the most rudimentary sort. Hardly one of the characters has anything like a consistent individuality.

"A Moral Dilemma," as described by Miss Annie Thompson, would hardly have been a dilemma to anyone of robust conscience. An amiable scoundrel has ruined a friend's life by a forgery for which credit is given the latter. Afterwards, this same scoundrel wins the love of a gentle and pure-hearted girl, to whom knowledge of her lover's guilt would have dealt a heavy blow. A third man, who loves her also, and who by right should have won her love in return, knows of his successful rival's guilt, and deliberately destroys all the evidence thereof, permitting the marriage that wrecks his own happiness to take place. The sentimentality that prompts the deserving lover thus to act is, of course, entirely false, and we cannot sympathize with the man who allows it to place him in a dilemma of any sort. As for the heroine, she is too shadowy to arouse much sympathy, so there is no one left with whom to sympathize after the victim of the crime has ended his consumptive life in Tenerife.

"The Fishguard Invasion by the French in 1797" is a semi-historical novel, the story being sketched out rather than told, based upon the supposed diary of a person described as "sometime vicar of Llanfiangelpenybont." The episode with which it deals was a sort of filibustering descent upon the Welsh coast by a riff-raff mob of the French, under the lead of a renegade Irishman. There were some sixteen hundred of them, in three ships, but their triumph was short-lived, for, beyond spreading terror among the country folk, and making inroads upon many a larder and poultry-yard, they accomplished nothing, and made ignominious surrender to the sturdy Welsh yeoman. The story is told in a manner not unlike that with which Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Quiller-Couch have made us familiar.

Mr. Waterloo's new novel, "An Odd Situation," is a political pamphlet in the disguise of a work of fiction. Taking for its scene two adjacent farms, separated by the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the book preaches a very effective sermon upon the absurdities of the tariff wall which either country attempts to erect against the encroachments of the other. Early in the work occurs the love story, and its consequence is a union of farms as well as of hearts. Under such circumstances, the two farms having become one, it is often necessary to move the crops and other farm products from one portion of the land to another. But the customs officers of both countries intervene, and insist that hay grown on one side of the line shall not be used as fodder for cattle living upon the other side; that eggs laid by Canadian hens shall not find their way to United States breakfast tables. The complications that follow may readily be imagined, and the author takes every occasion to emphasize the oddity of the situation. This finally leads to a tragedy, for one of the customs officers is murdered by an infuriated farm-laborer. Mr. Waterloo's book is a skit rather than a novel, and a skit magnified out of all proportion in the endeavor to make of it a full-fledged work of fiction. It is told in the first person, but one cannot help wishing that the narrator were a little less garrulous. The best feature of the book is its sympathetic and accurate delineation of the aspects of farm life, its descriptions of country scenes and denizens. In many of these there is a Blackmore-like touch that goes far to redeem the temerity of the act. The chapters are introduced by scraps of original verse, often quaintly felicitous, quoted from quite imaginary sources.

When Mr. Pollock chose to insert a translation of one of Tourguénieff's flawless sketches in a volume of his own stories he displayed an audacity far surpassing that of Turner when the painter stipulated that certain canvasses of his own should be hung by the side of a typical Claude. In the latter case it was clearly the French artist who suffered by the contrast, while in the former we can only say that the English writer is less scathed than most of his fellow craftsmen would have been. Mr. Pollock's stories have some of the best qualities of Tourguénieff's art, almost equal restraint, at least, if far less constructive excellence. They are lighter in vein than anything the great Russian bequeathed us, and have the easy refinement that denotes the

man of the world of letters. Several of them have occult themes, but the fatal mistake of treating those themes in semi-scientific fashion is never made. Mr. Pollock puts occultism to its proper uses; he toys with it, finding it effective material for the extravaganza. The longest story in the collection was written in collaboration with Mr. Walter Besant, while Mr. Brander Matthews lent a hand in the composition of the most amusing. The volume displays enough invention to stock an ordinary novelist for his whole career.

Mr. Stimson's "three zones" are those of Maine, Alabama, and Venezuela, and the "tales" devoted to them are so different in manner that they hardly seem to have been producible by the same hand. The story of Venezuela is the sombre romance of a life-long sorrow, seemingly removed by centuries from the modern world. The story of Maine is based upon a pseudo-scientific fantasy that carries it to equal remoteness from the current of everyday existence. The story of "An Alabama Courtship," on the other hand, is distinctly modern, told with a degree of humorous suggestion that is not unlike *opera bouffe*, and in a vein that frequently reminds us of Mr. Bret Harte, and occasionally of the biographer of the immortal Colonel Carter of Cartersville. Our English cousins, who take so seriously the humorous creations of our local story-tellers, will probably find in this story an awful picture of the lawlessness of American society, and in the heroine a solemn warning against the dangers to which unchaperoned American maidenhood is exposed. But the author's fellow countrymen will read it with all the allowances that come from a saving sense of humor, and keenly delight in the sequence of its sentimental and romantic incidents.

The placid pleasure that we have learned to expect from one of Señor Valera's novels does not fail us in "Commander Mendoza," of which a translation has just appeared. An elaborate analysis of character, relieved by just enough of incident and local color to prevent monotony, concealing a delicate art beneath a familiar and seemingly careless manner, is given us in this novel, as in "Pepita Ximenez" and in "Doña Luz." The "Commander" is a middle-aged Spanish gentleman, who was a young man at the time of the French Revolution, who absorbed many of the new ideas of that period, and who, after a *jeunesse orageuse* in various foreign parts, comes to settle down in his native village. One capital episode of that stormy youth seeks him out in his retirement, and burdens him with a grave responsibility. The way in which the responsibility is met provides the story with its theme, and the author with an opportunity for the exercise of the casuistry in which his soul delights. Having settled the problem of his hero's responsibility in an ingenious and satisfactory manner, the author has only to settle the hero's own subsequent existence, which he does, summarily and unexpectedly, by marrying him to his neice of eighteen summers. But this really has nothing to do with the story, and we are hardly justified in giving it mention.

Herr Lindau's "Hanging Moss" is an unwholesome story of life under the hothouse conditions of society in a great capital. A wealthy stock broker of Berlin, his beautiful and faithless wife, and a successful writer of plays, are the principal characters. Adultery furnishes the motive of the plot, and whatever moral may be extracted from the treatment is to be found in the complete wreck of all the lives concerned. The heroine realizes Valentine's prediction of his sister's future, the deceived husband makes a commonplace failure in business, accompanied by more or less of scandal, and the dramatist seeks lifelong seclusion among the cypress swamps of Florida. The suggestion of the title is that unholy passion, like the Tillandsia of the Gulf Coast, is fair enough to look upon, but fatal to the object of its attachment.

Quite as unwholesome in sentiment, although told with more grace of literary art, is M. Jules Claretie's story of "L'Américaine." "Les Américaines" would have been a better title, for three or four American women figure rather prominently in the narrative, which depicts the mingling of French and American life in a Trouville season. Such books as this are true enough to the microcosmic *monde* in which they live, but hopelessly untrue to life viewed in any comprehensive way. The social types with which they are concerned have only the most artificial sort of interest, and the passions which they analyze are unknown outside the social conservatories erected by wealth and frivolity. The translation of this book is very poorly made.

The criticism given the two translations just mentioned is to a certain extent also applicable to M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis." The state of society with which it deals is distinctly artificial and unwholesome, while adultery, actual or prospective, supplies the leading motive. But M. Bourget is so serious a writer, has aims so clearly artistic, and is the master of so thorough and profound an analysis, that his book is given the dignity which diverts criticism from a theme, and turns it to admiration of a method. That method, we need hardly say, is the method of psychology applied to a series of carefully chosen types of character, and, in the present case, to types of racial rather than individual significance. One would like, just for the novelty of the thing, to discuss for once a work of M. Bourget without any mention of that blessed word psychology, but it is clearly impossible with this his latest and most important work. His own preface, in the form of a familiar letter to a friend, emphasizes the psychological bearings of the work, and leaves us in no doubt of what its author has sought to accomplish. M. Bourget's Cosmopolites are the foreign residents of Rome, with their "fluctuating society, so uniform in the exterior rites of

its elegant life, so really, so thoroughly complex and composite in its fundamental elements." The author has selected a dozen or more of these dwellers in Cosmopolis, and sought to disclose the law of their inner life, to find the key that really gives meaning to their actions. His thesis is thus stated: "The more one is familiar with Cosmopolites, the more we are assured that the most irreducible *datum* in them is that special force of heredity which slumbers under the uniform monotony of superficial relations, but is ready to awaken as soon as passion touches the ground-work of the man's nature." With this key in mind, the meaning of the work (which without such an Ariadne's thread might seem hopelessly perplexing) becomes perfectly evident at every point, and makes us feel that the French art, no less than the French language, deserves the tribute of the familiar saying, "Ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français." Contrast for a moment M. Bourget's treatment of a psychological problem with that of Herr Ibsen, and the superior advantages (we do not say the superior value) of clearness are made very strikingly apparent. M. Bourget has not had equal success with his Cosmopolitan types, which include men and women of Venetian and English, Roman and Polish, French and American, African and Hebrew blood. We should hardly say that he has in any case gone wrong, except possibly in his estimate of the influence upon character of a small infusion of negro blood, but we think that he has given us certain racial traits in a slightly exaggerated form, and we are sure that his analysis of the English and American types has been inadequate. But his characters are all sharply defined from one another, and, in the essentials, true to the races they represent. Take any one of them, and, assuming for him a different racial origin, ask if he would still be possible. In almost every case the answer will be an emphatic negative. The author's greatest success is with his Frenchmen and Italians, although his Pole is delineated with a truthfulness almost equally admirable. For one of his Frenchmen, the Marquis de Montfanon, fighter and mystic, champion of lost causes and the ideals of the age of faith, we must confess to a genuine affection. He embodies for us the emotional side of Catholicism, the immense appeal which the Church makes to the historical sense and the artistic susceptibilities. M. Bourget writes upon this subject *con amore*, and the grim and tender old Marquis has been studied out with a fidelity even beyond that given to the other characters. The sympathy that he is sure to awaken, even in readers of temper most unlike his own, marks for his creator a supreme artistic triumph. That the book which gives him to us (with so many other subtly conceived figures) is a remarkable production we do not hesitate to affirm; we should add that it deserved to fare better at the translator's hands.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The charming letters of an English painter.

THE "Letters of James Smetham" (Macmillan), edited, with a brief Memoir, by W. Davies, is an altogether charming collection, fresh, unstudied, full of frank self-disclosure, random fancies, and independent views on art, letters, and life. The writer had in a marked degree the epistolary gift of letting the pen run with the thought; hence we are not surprised to learn that "of all his numerous correspondents scarcely one is known ever to have destroyed a letter he wrote." James Smetham was a painter of respectable standing, but of limited vogue; not at all, as it seems, a *marketable* painter. One suspects, after reading Mr. Davies's Memoir, that Smetham's artistic career was the old story (a familiar one in the annals of British art) of disparity between conception and execution, between the teeming mind and the half-trained fingers. That there was merit in his work — intellectual merit dimly shining through the haze of imperfect *technique*—men like Ruskin and Rossetti have testified; and the half-dozen or so finely imaginative, Blake-like poems appended to the "Letters" suggest that could Smetham's eye and hand have kept touch with his fancy, he must have taken high rank in his profession. A sentimentalizing, moralizing fashion of "art criticism" (save the mark!) has obscured the fact, greatly to the detriment of English art, that a painter's first business is to be articulate, to be master of those special dexterities by virtue of which he *is* a painter, and not a poet or verbal story-teller. The grand Masters in the "Grand Style," the Michael Angelos, Raphaels, Leonardos, Rembrandts, Dürers, were not only men of mind, they were first of all consummate workmen, experts in the mechanical business of laying colors deceptively on a flat surface, artisans who had served an arduous apprenticeship to a hand-soiling, back-aching, ill-smelling handicraft. A further clew to the secret of James Smetham's life failures seems to lurk in the following sketch of him, which is rather suggestive, by the way, of Dickens's "Father of the Marshalsea": "There was a sort of wavering or undulating motion in his gait, slightly expressed, and sometimes a certain movement with the hands indicated — how may it be described? — as if feeling or groping towards the Unknown in the effort to seize something not wholly out of reach, but still eluding the grasp." Men who waver through life "groping towards the Unknown," seldom have change for a guinea in their pockets, or credit at the grocer's. But whatever may have been James Smetham's limitations as a painter and as a bread-winner, his quality as a letter-writer is beyond question; and with all his turn for dreaming, he sometimes hits the nail of debate on the head with a homely force and precision worthy of honest Sancho himself. There is a sound kernel in the following outbreak, for example: "Don't get into the focus of Criticism. Many men spoil their en-

joyment of Art by looking on it as something to pull in pieces, rather than something to enjoy and to lead them to enjoy nature, and through nature to enjoy God. How wretched is that feverish, satiated, complaining spirit of criticism. Never contented, never at rest. 'Is this better than that, these than those? Is this a great man, and if great, *how* great? Is he as great as Rossetti, or as great as Raphael? or is he little, like Brown, Jones, and Robinson?' all the while avoiding *The Thing* and its relish: not thinking art, but about art: not conversing with nature, but with names. When they talk of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff, continue to shift your trumpet and only take snuff, and ask them with some earnestness if the Atlantic cable is likely to work again." The volume is carefully edited, and it contains a good portrait of the author after a painting by himself.

A welcome translation of Gracian's Maxims.

"MAY this be Wisdom's bill of fare at the banquet of her sages, in which she inscribes the items of the feast of reason to be found in Gracian's other works." With these words to the reader Don Juan Lastanosa introduced the first known edition (1653) of Balthasar Gracian's "Oráculo Manual." An earlier edition must have existed, perhaps printed as early as 1647, but it has been lost. This manual of "The Art of Worldly Wisdom," which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has translated for the "Golden Treasury" series (Macmillan), was introduced to modern readers by Schopenhauer, who never wearied of praising it, and who left a complete German translation of the work among his manuscripts (this may be had, by the way, in Reclam's "Universal Bibliothek"). Mr. Jacobs is not the first of the English translators, for anterior versions were published in London bearing the dates 1694 and 1702, respectively, but they were inaccurate in many respects, and the new translation would supersede them on that score, even if they were now attainable. Mr. Jacobs has made his version from the Spanish edition of 1734, and admits that his work has been done "rather in the spirit of Fitz Gerald than of Bohn." It reproduces admirably the terse and pointed style of the original, as well as something of its *cultismo* and quaintness. For example, Gracian's "Tres eses hazen dichoso, Santo, Sano, y Sabio" becomes "Three HHH's make a man happy—Health, Holiness, and a Headpiece," which is itself distinctly happy. Gracian, born early in 1601 ("one of the first men of his century"), died in 1658. He was a distinguished member of the Jesuit order, and his life was uneventful. He published many works, but the "Oráculo Manual" is the quintessence of them all. A manual of worldly wisdom, its ethical tone is high, which does not mean that his maxims are without shrewdness. As the translator remarks, "There does not seem any radical necessity why a good man should be a fool." In his admirable introduction to the work, Mr. Jacobs discusses the literature of aphorisms and maxims, emphasizing the often neglected distinction between the two, which is really the distinction between science and art. The aphorism gives a view of life: the maxim tells a man how to act. English literature, as well as most others, is rich in the former and poor in the latter. The following acute comment on the Book of Proverbs illustrates the distinction: "However shrewd some of them are, startling us with the consciousness how little human nature has changed, it is knowledge of human nature that they mainly supply. When we ask for instruction how to apply that knowledge we only get variations of the theme 'Fear the Lord.' Two thousand years of experience have indeed shown that the Fear or Love of the Lord forms a very good foundation for practical wisdom. But it has to be supplemented by some such corollary as 'Keep your powder dry' before it becomes of direct service in the conduct of life." Gracian's book is undoubtedly the best book of maxims ever written, and we are delighted to have it reproduced for English readers in this engaging dress. Just why it should be the best Mr. Jacobs is at some pains to point out, and this is the conclusion of his analysis: "It was clearly preordained that when *the* book of maxims should appear it would be by a Jesuit, so as to be worldly yet not too worldly; by a Spaniard, so that it should have the proverbial ring; and during the prevalence of *cultismo*, so that it it should have the quaintness to attract attention."

Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets.

MESSRS. Macmillan & Co. have issued a second edition of the late F. A. Paley's "Fragments of the Greek Comic Poets, with Renderings into English Verse." Mr. Paley was an estimable old-fashioned scholar, widely known by his useful editions of Æschylus, Euripides, and Hesiod. He was somewhat deficient in the sense of humor (his "Greek wit" is one of the saddest books we ever read), somewhat wanting in sensitive poetic feeling (his literal translations of Æschylus are sins against the holy ghost of poetry), wholly unacquainted with modern German scholarship (his article on Plutarch in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" fails to mention Volkmann). These selections and versions from the Greek comic poets, while fairly representative, betray these limitations. The humors of the fish-market, of the banquet table, of the cook who magnifies his office, of the boastful parasite, are perhaps a little too prominent, though it must be admitted that these well-worn jests "pay most of the expenses" of the new Athenian comedy of manners. The moralizing and reflective passages are a little commonplace, as Greek moralizing often is, and the editor has missed some of the few gems of true poetry to which a surer poetic instinct would have guided him. We look in vain for the fine passage of Menander familiar to readers of Symonds's Greek Poets:

> "When thou wouldst know thyself what man thou art,
> Look at the tombstones as thou passest by," etc.

Mr. Paley's rhymed translations are respectable.

They aim at "reproducing the point" rather than at literal exactness, but they furnish all the aid that will be needed by any scholar whose Greek is not "oxydized an inch thick." For a specimen take the following of the *Schlaraffenleben* of Sybaris:

> "This river Crathis rolls us down
> Huge buns of self-made dough, baked brown;
> One other stream, the Sybaris hight,
> Bears on its current, pleasing sight!
> Relays of loaves and hunks of meat,
> Plaice plunging, ready cooked to eat,
> While lesser streamlets all about
> Run with baked squabs and crabs and trout."

Another selection we think proves that this little volume once found its way into the pocket of Mr. Andrew Lang. The reader shall judge:

A.— Did you stay long in Cyprus? *B.*— All the while
The war went on. *A.*— And where did you beguile
The weary time? Tell me. *B.*— At Paphos; there
A most refined contrivance filled the air
With wondrous fragrance. *A.*—How was that? *B.*—The king
Was fanned at dinner by the flapping wing
Of many a dove."

Readers of "The World's Desire" will remember its one redeeming feature — the pretty dedicatory verses:

> "The fancies of the West and East
> Shall flash and flit about the feast
> Like doves that cooled, with waving wing,
> The banquets of the Cyprian king."

Such is the unity of European literature; in this extravagant fancy of an obscure Greek comic poet we chance upon the forgotten flower from which the modern busy bee of letters distils a drop of his sweetest honey.

Mr. Lodge's "Historical and Political Essays."

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has collected in "Historical and Political Essays" (Houghton) various papers contributed by him to recent numbers of periodicals. Some months ago, before Mr. Lodge's peculiar methods in advancing to a seat in the United States Senate had classed him as a very "practical politician," these theoretic discussions of patronage, parliamentary distinction, rights of minorities, and party allegiance, would have conveyed a higher sentiment of patriotism than one is now likely to find in them. Mr. Lodge is too good a constitutional lawyer not to be, as a matter of course, an efficient advocate of Mr. Reed's claim to count a quorum; it is to be regretted that, with ex-speaker Carlisle, he is able to conscientiously maintain that parliamentary minorities have no particular rights to speak of. His condemnation of the "independent voter" who is still a party member causes those to smile who remember him in the Chicago Convention of 1884. His views on patronage are of course well known as those of one who has fought manfully against the spoils system. Mr. Lodge persists in misrepresenting Jefferson as the father of that odious system, and even where he quotes him does not convey a true impression of his attitude. Let us hope that the publication of Mr. Ford's edition of Mr. Jefferson's writings will put the great Democrat more truly before the public as he really was. The essay on "Distribution of Ability in the United States" was sufficiently criticised when it first appeared in "The Century" to have made an editor hesitate to reproduce it. The utter futility of counting heads by states in a land in which the tide of population has ever gone steadily westward was fully demonstrated. A case in mind, of one of the present generation born in Illinois, father in Kentucky, grandfather in Virginia, great-grandfather in North Carolina, is only one of thousands which upset Mr. Lodge's attempt in static sociology, as containing any demonstrative value.

Completion of the new Chambers's Encyclopædia.

The tenth volume (just published) of the new "Chambers's Encyclopædia" (Lippincott) completes that useful book of reference. Begun in 1888, the work upon it has been going steadily forward at the average rate of two volumes each year. When the immense amount of labor connected with publishing a comprehensive encyclopædia of this character is taken into consideration, the time that has intervened between the appearance of the volumes has been remarkably short. Each book averages between eight and nine hundred pages, reset from new type. Every article has been thoroughly revised or rewritten, and a large number of entirely new ones have been prepared, embracing recent events in history, biography, etc., and the advancements in geographical, scientific, and other departments of knowledge. The illustrations, specially engraved, are of superior excellence, while the maps have been prepared according to the latest geographical surveys, and represent all the countries on the globe, including maps of all the states and territories of this country. Articles on American topics written by American authors are liberally inserted, and the work is thoroughly up to date. Mr. David Patrick, the editor, contributes to this closing volume a few words of thanks to those who have aided him in his task. Nearly a thousand contributors have been drawn upon for the articles, and the longer articles are signed by their writers. Of the more popular class of encyclopædias, "Chambers's," in its new form, easily stands at the head. In the volume now before us we note the following articles of literary interest: "Swinburne," by Mr. Walter Whyte; "Tennyson," by Professor Palgrave; "Thackeray," by Mr. Richmond Ritchie; "Virgil," by Mr. J. W. Mackail; "Voltaire," by M. F. Espinasse; "Wordsworth," by Professor Palgrave; and "Zola," by Mr. George Saintsbury.

Republication of a classic Life of Jesus.

George Eliot's translation of the "Leben Jesu" of Strauss has been republished by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in an octavo volume of over 800 pages, with an introduction by Dr. Otto Pfleiderer. The editor points out at some length the epoch-making character of the work, and, fully aware of the fact that modern criticism has gone far beyond Strauss,

and invalidated many of his conclusions, yet says: "The inclination to sink into the slumber of dogma is so natural to every generation that the most uncompromising critical intellect must without intermission stand upon the watch against it. And as this task was performed by Strauss in his first Life of Jesus in a manner that may serve as a model for all time, the book, like every classical work, must ever retain its value." The fact that Baur and others have given us a deeper criticism of the Gospels than could possibly have been offered by Strauss or anyone else as early as 1835 has led many modern writers to minimize the importance of what Strauss accomplished. Dr. Pfleiderer fully recognizes that, in the evolution of criticism, negative work must precede construction, and gives to Strauss the credit that has often been unfairly withheld from him. "Strauss's criticism broke down the ramparts of dogmatism, new and old, and opened to the inquiring mind the breach through which the conquest of historical truth might be won."

A delightful historical story for the young.

Mr. G. A. Henty is one of the most successful story-writers of the age. As a man who has written three dozen stories, whose scenes are laid in almost every land and almost every century, he evinces a wonderful local knowledge, and preserves a marvelous freshness of style, even in number thirty-six. This is "Beric the Briton" (Scribner), as handsome a book in typography and illustration as our youth could wish. The story of the conquest of Boadicea and of Britain by Suetonius is told with the animation of a romancer and with the accuracy of an archæologist, both of which are maintained when the narrative follows the young British chieftain as a captive to the court of Nero. The local coloring is admirable, and one can only sigh that his own boyhood days were barren of such books, while he commends this delightful story to any youth who wishes to take his first chapter in the history of his motherland under the guidance of a fascinating cicerone. The book is a fitting prelude to that other gem of juvenile literature, Church's "Count of the Saxon Shore."

BRIEFER MENTION.

It is a little curious that so famous a work as Gogol's "Revizor" should not have had an English translation long before this. We are now indebted to Mr. Arthur A. Sykes for the much-neglected service of presenting to English readers the most amusing as well as the best-constructed comedy in Russian literature. "The Inspector-General" (Scott) is the title given to this version by Mr. Sykes, who writes for it an introduction and some notes.

Mr. J. K. Fowler's "Echoes of Old Country Life" (Macmillan) deals with sport, politics, and farming in the "good old times," the author describing himself as "a fair representative of middle-class life, who, in the course of a busy career, has met many famous people, and here truthfully records what he remembers about them." The book contains a few illustrations and many anecdotes, while the recollections of the amiable old gentleman who writes it cover more than half a century.

Noting the fact that this year, the first year of the fifth century from the discovery of America, the new moon will first appear on the very day of the solstice, the compiler of the "Columbian Lunar Annual" (Poet-Lore Co.) has undertaken to convert the world to the use of almanacs based upon lunar (or true) months. In this new form of calendar, the months get named after the Muses and suchlike people, and each lunation is illustrated by appropriate passages of prose and verse quoted from well-known authors.

Mr. A. J. George has edited for school use the "Select Speeches of Daniel Webster, 1817–1845" (Heath). Nine speeches are included, among them being "The Dartmouth College Case" and the "Reply to Hayne." The notes are not numerous, but they will serve. In fact, the editor of this edition has kept himself very much in the background, for which he has our commendation.

Mr. J. Morrison has translated from the German of Herr von Samson-Himmelstierna a rather important work upon "Russia under Alexander III. and in the Preceding Period" (Macmillan). The author's standpoint is that of one who sees little or no good in things Russian, and even Mr. Felix Volkhovsky, who has edited this translation, and whom no one will accuse of leaning towards charity in his judgments, has felt constrained to omit several chapters of the original work by reason of their unfairness. All of this is explained in a lengthy editorial introduction.

Literary Notes and News.

A Study of Ernest Renan by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, will be published by Messrs Macmillan & Co.

The scene of Miss Marie Corelli's new romance will be laid in ancient Athens, one of her characters being no less a personage than Plato.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have in preparation a new work by Fridtjof Nansen, entitled "Esquimaux Life," with illustrations. It is being translated by Mr. William Archer.

Prof. Max Müller will celebrate the fifty years' jubilee of his Doctorate on September 1, 1893. He took his degree at Leipzig in 1843, and is expected to be present at Leipzig to receive his honorary diploma.

"The Eloping Angels," a poem by Mr. William Watson, is announced by the Macmillans. It will describe the experiences and feelings of two adventurous angels who decide to exchange the conventional delights of Heaven for the novelties of earth.

The Italian Government has begun the issue of an "Edizione Nazionale Columbiana" of works by, or relating to, the Genoese navigator. It will fill fourteen volumes. An "Edizione Nazionale" of the works of Galileo is also in course of publication.

A meeting of German historians will be held from April 5 to 7 at Munich. The principal topics to be discussed by the conference will be the teaching of history in collegiate institutions and the establishment of *Historische Seminare* at the universities.

A posthumous work by Cardinal Manning is on the point of publication. It will consist of essays written on "Honour," "Consistency," "Vanity," "Popularity,"

"Gossip," "The Fourth Estate," "Critics," and like subjects, and it has the special interest of being his Eminence's only legacy to secular literature.

Mr. Thomas Wright is following up his biography of Cowper with a "Complete Correspondence" of the poet, and is also writing a life of Daniel Defoe. Four hundred letters, or portions of letters, not included by Southey, are to be given in the former work, and in the latter there will be a quantity of entirely new material dealing with Defoe's private life.

The New York "Critic" has made the discovery that Chicago is a literary centre, and will publish hereafter a regular weekly letter from this city, to be written by Miss Lucy Monroe, whose name is not unknown to readers of THE DIAL. Mr. Arthur Waugh (Tennyson's biographer) succeeds Mrs. L. B. Walford as London correspondent of "The Critic."

The Théâtre Français gave on March 6 a *première*, which was a triumph, yet a profoundly melancholy one — La Paix du Ménage, a comedy by M. Guy de Maupassant. The great novelist, after more than a year's suffering in Dr. Blanche's lunatic asylum, is now in a hopeless condition. The piece was written long before his mind gave way, but it had not been thoroughly revised.

Dr. J. H. Bridges, one of the three chief English exponents of Positivism, intends to devote the leisure which his retirement from the Local Government Board has given him, to a stupendous piece of work — the editing of the works of Roger Bacon. Some Bacon MSS. of the first importance are thought to be in the Vatican, but the discovery of these is by no means a matter of certainty.

Miss Partridge, of Alvechurch, Redditch, England, has undertaken to compile the "Praise of Chaucer" from his day to ours, for the Chaucer Society. The book will contain all mentions of Chaucer and allusions to him up to 1800, and the chief ones since. Miss Partridge will be grateful for any extracts on the subject sent to her. Next year a trial list of extracts will be printed, and the complete volume will appear in or before 1900, the quincentenary of Chaucer's death.

The "Revue Bleue" has opened a competition for ascertaining "the best twenty-five books" to be determined by the suffrages of its readers. A similar competition in Italy recently led to the following being put at the head of the list: Dante (119 votes), the Bible (57), Shakespeare (54), Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" (36), Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" (36), Darwin's "Origin of Species" (28), Goethe's "Faust" (25), Spencer's "System of Philosophy" (22), Homer (20).

Gail Hamilton has recently notified the world that she, and she only, has been authorized to prepare a biography of Mr. Blaine. She deals with would-be rivals in language of which the following is a fair specimen: "If it must be that rapacious rodents, insensible to the most holy sentiments of the human heart, regardless alike of the feelings of the living and the rights of the dead, cannot be kept back from his consecrated grave, but persist in their rancorous chant,

> 'Be he alive or be he dead,
> I'll grind his bones to make me bread,'

the one consolation of all who love him must be in the full assurance that the distress and horror are theirs, not his." We could have wished for Mr. Blaine a better fate than awaits him at the hands of such a biographer.

NOTES SUR TAINE.

The English papers have dealt generously with Taine, who has, indeed, a peculiar claim upon the gratitude of Englishmen. We make a few extracts from the more important articles that have appeared. The London "Times" writes of him as follows:

"M. Taine was elected to the French Academy in 1878, in succession to M. de Loménie, and at once began to exercise a real influence on the proceedings of that body. We may fairly assume, for instance, that he was one of those who compelled the early recognition of the claims of M. Sully-Prudhomme, the philosophical poet; and it is certain that, more recently, he had much to do with the election of M. de Vogüé and M. Lavisse. Although his type of mind was so special and distinct that he cannot be said to have had a literary kinship to anyone, it was with men like these that he undoubtedly felt the closest sympathy. The methods of physical science applied to the mind and to the study of human society — these were what really interested him, although he had a genuine admiration for brilliancy and creative genius, whether in talk or in writing. He admired Renan, for example, and personally felt a real affection for him, as for a very old friend; he admired Paul Bourget, and would listen delighted, as did men of all ages, to the young writer's extraordinary eloquence in conversation. In painting, Bonnat was the contemporary whom he admired most; and Bonnat painted a portrait of him in a style which, if the methods of art can be said to resemble those of literature, is curiously like Taine's own—vivid, precise, scientific, but hard and without charm. His interest in the politics of the day was only moderately keen; his attitude, as might have been expected, was mainly critical. He loyally accepted the Republic, and hoped for its permanence; he admired the English methods of governing and legislating; but he used to confess that the outlook was, in both countries, an anxious one. He feared much, at home, from the instability of the French character; he feared much, all over Europe, from the spread of socialistic theories. But how could a man be an optimist who had lived through the war of 1870 and had steeped himself, more deeply than any other student, in the published and unpublished records of the triumphs and the horrors, the hopes, the disappointments, the miserable disillusion of the Revolution and the era of Napoleon?"

The following is from "The National Observer":

"He was not primarily a writer. Though his style is lucid, after the habit of his country, it is none the less hopelessly pedestrian. There is no stamp of personality on his page. He expresses his meaning with fearless logic, but, if you remember his conclusions, you seldom carry away the echo of a phrase. His talent for analysis was always conspicuous, and he reinforced his native *esprit* with an erudition, a faculty of research, which were almost Teutonic in their patient accuracy. In England, at any rate, his reputation rests upon his 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,' a work which, despite its faults, is scarce likely to be supplanted. Now, M. Taine looked upon literature as the raw material of speculation. For him poetry was not the sport of the imagination, the solitary caprice of a flushed fantasy, but a copy in little of prevailing manners. In fact, he made small allowance for the man of genius

and was ever eloquent in the praise of the spirit of the age. Hence his criticism is too often misguided by pedantry, his appreciation blunted by his *parti pris*. Now and again the reader cannot but conclude that thus, and thus only, would Taine have written concerning any other manifestation of human energy. But, when this fault is acknowledged, there remains little to register save admiration. The historian of our literature had exhausted the field of knowledge. His achievement indeed is unique. No other foreigner has ever mastered the subtleties of our speech so efficiently as to understand, as did Taine, both Shakespeare and Swift. He has read his books, he marshalls his facts with amazing tact and precision. Even his criticism, cast as it was in scientific mould, at times surprises the reader by its insight and ingenuity. Nor is there any taint of superficiality upon the work. Authorities are continually quoted to support the argument, and not even was the drudgery of bibliography shirked. And yet the book in a measure leaves you cold. The philosophic spirit perpetually obtrudes. The critic thinks more of *milieu* than of the man, and you are convinced that his most cherished theory is instantly upset at the touch of genius, which rises not only above its own surroundings, but above the teaching of philosophy, controverting the most nicely balanced theories of critics and psychologists."

The comment of "The Saturday Review" is brief but pithy. We select the following paragraph:

"M. Taine's matter, however, was not any man's matter by any means. Its fault is universally known, or, if not universally, to many who never opened a page of his writings in the original. The zeal of the houses of theory devoured him. Some people called it 'Determinism,' which would be as good a name as another if it were steadily kept in mind that determinists like M. Taine leave out a good many determining causes. Take all the causes in, and everybody is a determinist who is not a donkey. An epigram of Flaubert's, published the other day, on one of the causes which M. Taine and his master Sainte-Beuve, left out, was neat enough. They looked at everything '*sauf le talent*,' said the author of 'Madame Bovary.' This was not quite fair; but there was a certain amount of truth in it. The 'product of the circumstances' theory, which Sainte-Beuve never quite openly admitted, but which M. Taine unhesitatingly championed, does 'leave out talent' too often, and when it does not leave it out, it still oftener thinks less of enjoying its results than of analyzing their production."

"The Athenæum" has an editorial article which includes the following passage:

"Those who never made Taine's personal acquaintance must judge him by his writings, and the verdict cannot be other than in his favour. He was a master of the literary art. A vein of poetry ran through his nature, and many a passage is vivid with imagery as apt as it is splendid. He has been blamed for over-doing quotation in his history of modern France. He readily admitted the charge, but he urged in his defence that if he did not cite his authorities in their very words his statements would not be credited. His desire was to establish the truth, and he had to dismiss as legends or pure myths many statements which passed current as authentic. Few men have been more amenable to reason. He would bow his head in the presence of a fact, the aim of his life, indeed the desire of his soul, being to substitute the reign of fact in literature for that of mere illusion. Those who have been most intimate with him entertain the highest respect for his aims and the profoundest esteem for his character. A simpler or less selfish nature is not to be found in the ranks of great writers. He had an aversion to parade and ostentation. His tastes were as simple as those of an anchorite, and if he deserved any reproach it was that of working too hard and enjoying life too little. Yet for him research was enjoyment. The one great English writer with whom he had much in common was Edward Gibbon. Another great English writer for whom he had an intense admiration as an orator and an historian was Macaulay; but Macaulay was much more a man of the world than Taine, and he was an ardent politician, which Taine could not become."

We close our extracts with the following excerpt from a contribution to "The Athenæum" by "M. D.," evidently a personal friend of Taine:

"Yes, the future will honour no less than we the great Positivist philosopher, the historian who, in this troubled crucible of our living, moving age, sought, with the patient exactitude of the chemist, the original principle of its existence. But what we mourn the most the future cannot know; for, carefully secluded, revealed only to a chosen inner circle, the most exquisite and noble personality made of M. Taine a sort of conscience to those who knew him. His absolute sincerity, his probity of soul, were united to a gentle simplicity, a warmth of kindness, a generous sympathy, which one did not expect to find in the author of a system so abstract and so cold in its abstention from illusions. But his kind great soul was like a flame that lit and warmed and cheered the borders of an abyss. Never, I suppose, was a philosopher less absolute in preaching his philosophy. He used sometimes to say, 'I wish I had written my works of philosophy in Latin; then I should be sure they could do no harm; they would be read by those only who can understand them rightly.'"

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

April, 1893.

Americans Out of Doors. G. Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
Architecture in Poetry. H. Van Brunt. *Atlantic.*
Art, Festal. D. J. Hill. *Popular Science.*
Art in New York. G. P. Lathrop. *Harper.*
Arts, Women's. Illus. Octave Uzanne. *Scribner.*
Authorship, The Organization of. *Dial.*
Ballot Reform. R. H. McDonald, Jr. *Californian.*
Barracks of the Czar. Illus. P. Bigelow. *Harper.*
British Corrupt Practices Act, The. *Forum.*
British National Gallery. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Brooklyn. Illus. Julian Ralph. *Harper.*
Brooks, Phillips. A. V. G. Allen. *Atlantic.*
Buffalo, The. Hamlin Russell. *Harper.*
Campaign Expenditures. J. B. Bishop. *Forum.*
Carlyle, Unpublished Letters of. *Scribner.*
Châteaux of Blois. Illus. T. A. Cook. *Scribner.*
Chicago Anarchists of 1886. Illus. J. E. Gary. *Century.*
Chicago's Schools. J. M. Rice. *Forum.*
Church Union. W. De W. Hyde. *Forum.*
Consular Service, Our. William Slade. *Forum.*
Easton, Reginald. Illus. W. P. Frith. *Magazine of Art.*
Ethics and Economics. *International Ethics.*
Exposition, The First. Illus. May B. Edmonds. *Califor'n.*
Farmers' Discontent. *Journal Political Economy* (March).
Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial.*

Forest Trees of the Sierra Nevada. Illus. *Overland.*
Fuller, Margaret. Illus. Josephine Lazarus. *Century.*
Greyhound in Sport, The. Illus. *Californian.*
Harvard Arboretum, The. Illus. *Century.*
Hawaiians, Ancient. Illus. E. E. Carey. *Californian.*
Hawaiian Annexation. Illus. J. O'Meara. *Californian.*
Hawaiian Revolution, The. *Californian.*
Hazlitt, Wm., Unpublished Correspondence of. *Atlantic.*
Indian Metal-Work at Imperial Institute. Illus. *Mag. of Art.*
Japan. Illus. Robert Blum. *Scribner.*
Kansas. Illus. J. J. Ingalls. *Harper.*
Leech, John, at Home. Illus. H. Silver. *Magazine of Art.*
Mackerel Supply, The. R. T. Walsh. *Popular Science.*
Maoris of New Zealand. Illus. E. Tregear. *Pop. Science.*
Marquesas Archipelago. Illus. King Kalakaua. *Californ'n.*
Mass. Election Law, The. Josiah Quincy. *Forum.*
Money as an International Question. *Atlantic.*
Musicians, Pre-Columbian. Illus. J. J. Peatfield. *Calif'n.*
Negro Education. Maud W. Goodwin. *Popular Science.*
New England Farm, A. Illus. *Scribner.*
Pampas Plumes. Mrs. S. E. A. Higgins. *Overland.*
Pelham-Copley Letters. P. L. Ford. *Atlantic.*
Plato and Platonism. Paul Shorey. *Dial.*
Princess Anne, The. Illus. M. O. W. Oliphant. *Century.*
Prussia's Railway Policy. *Journal Pol. Economy* (March).
Publicity Department, World's Fair. Illus. *Lippincott.*
Real, Heresy of the. John G. Dow. *Dial.*
Reform and Law. W. M. Salter. *International Ethics.*
Religion in 1492. M. Bird. *Lippincott.*
Romance, Decadence of. Frederic Harrison. *Forum.*
Renan, Ernest. Illus. G. Monod. *Popular Science.*
Restoration House, The. Illus. S. T. Aveling. *Scribner.*
Schipka Pass. Archibald Forbes. *Century.*
Science and the Colleges. D. S. Jordan. *Popular Science.*
Self-Development. *International Ethics.*
Silver Coinage. L. A. Sheldon. *Californian.*
Silver Coinage. F. A. Walker. *Jour. Pol. Economy* (March).
Southern Empire, The. Wm. D. Foulke. *Dial.*
St. Paul's Schools. J. M. Rice. *Forum.*
Structure, Action, and Thought. Illus. *Popular Science.*
Vallejo, Gen. M. G. Illus. Emily B. Powell. *Harper.*
Washington Society. Illus. H. L. Nelson. *Harper.*
Whitman, Walt. Illus. D. C. Lockwood. *Californian.*
Zulu War, The. Illus. T. W. D'Evelyn. *Californian.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, embracing 66 titles, includes all books received by* The Dial *since last issue.*]

HISTORY.

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